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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**"Till we meet again."**

Painting by JOHN MILLS



# Crusader in crinoline whose book made a war

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" — small-town serial  
to national "bible"

"There must be liberty, world-wide and eternal."  
—Roosevelt

Echoing the cry of crusaders down the centuries, America's President speaks for her in a day which is fraught with the greatest menace to freedom of all time.

He speaks in the tradition of a freedom-loving people, a people who have always gone to war in the cause of liberty.

**T**HIS year a book was published in America which records the part one woman played in forming that tradition.

It is "Crusader in Crinoline," story of the woman whom Abraham Lincoln greeted as "The little lady who made the big war"—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," he records, was hailed as the greatest single influence towards the abolition of slavery.

It is, also, the world's fourth best seller.

The young wife of Professor Calvin Stowe had in her childhood seen anti-slavery riots, had helped runaway slaves and listened to their stories.

She had written a number of short stories to help out the inadequate family income. One day her sister-in-law wrote to her: "If I could use a pen as you can, I would write something to make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

"I will write something," said Harriet to her children.

So one day, with no preconception of the terrible power it would unleash, she sat down and began: "Late in the afternoon of a chilly day

in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine in a well-furnished dining-parlor in the town of P—, Kentucky."

She planned the story as three or four sketches and offered it to the editor of a small Washington paper, the "National Era."

He accepted it, without seeing it, at 300 dollars.

## Ran for a year

**I**N June of 1851 appeared the first instalment of the novel that helped inspire in childhood the young men who, ten years later, marched, as crusaders, into the war against the South.

The story proved so popular that the sketches grew to 46 in number, and it was nearly a year before it was finished.

Harriet had spent a few days in

the South on the Kentucky plantation of a school chum. She used the plantation as that of Uncle Tom's kindly masters.

Since the only people she met in Kentucky were nice people she had Uncle Tom sold by his kindly Kentucky master. She wanted to show what happened from the sale of a slave.

Uncle Tom was modelled on the Rev. Josiah Henson, a colored preacher who had bought his freedom, and whom Harriet met in Boston. In his youth the Rev. Henson had been crippled by flogging at the hands of a brutal Maryland master.

Harriet's brother Charles had met an overseer on a New Orleans boat, who, displaying his fist, had bragged that "he got that from knocking down niggers." So there was Simon Legree.

Celeste was a small piceanniny whom Harriet had vainly tried to Christianise in her Sunday School class. Celeste became Topsy.

Although running in an obscure paper, the story created a sensation even as a serial. Almost every community had one abolitionist who subscribed to the "Era," and his copy was passed from hand to hand until worn out.

The story became Harriet's tyrant, the spectre of next week's instalment always at her elbow. She had to keep up cooking and housework and look after a boisterous family.

John P. Jewett, head of a small Boston publishing house, had agreed to publish the serial in book form. He foresaw a small volume to sell at a low price.

By the end of October, when it began to look like a two-volume novel, Jewett was appalled, and begged Harriet to finish it.

Wearily Harriet got the "Era" to suggest that Mrs. Stowe would finish the story in a few paragraphs. The people answered a thundering "No." Harriet wrote on.

After Little Eva's death, which appeared in the Christmas instalment, Harriet went to her bed for two days, exhausted. It had been almost a personal bereavement.

UNCLE TOM with Little Eva, and Eliza crossing the ice—two illustrations that have become familiar to generations of readers.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, whose book helped foment the American Civil War.

At last the end was in sight, and as the last instalment drew near Jewett suggested that the Stowes put up half the cost of the publishing and share in the profits.

However, they had no money, so declined in favor of a ten per cent. royalty. If Harriet had owned a half interest the first year's sales in America would have made her independent for life.

She was pleased with the contract. "I hope," she said, "it will make enough so I may have a silk dress."

There was no advance publicity, but the first edition of 6000 copies was devoured immediately. The first year it sold 305,000 copies.

To do as well in proportion to population an American novel to-day would have to sell a million and a half the first year.

Uncle Tom was soon pirated in a dozen countries.

In London, New York, and Boston dramatizations played to hysterical audiences.

The Press took up the acclaim. Longfellow, Whittier, and Jenny Lind praised it.

Then came controversy, the first attack from the North, for plenty of Northern money was invested in cotton, which lived by slavery.

A great newspaper debate began. The book was suppressed in the South, where Harriet was held up to children as a wicked ogress.

The match had been set to the fire that flared into the Civil War ten years later. Long after that fire had subsided into ashes, Harriet Beecher Stowe's simple tale was to stand as a symbol of hatred for oppression.

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



—Spencer Shier.

MAJ.-GEN. E. F. HERRING  
... Church office

**CHURCH** honor for Major-General E. F. Herring, who succeeded Sir Iven Mackay in the Middle East. Dr. Head, Archbishop of Melbourne, has appointed him Chancellor of Melbourne Diocese. This is the highest Church office held by a layman. The chancellor advises the archbishop on legal matters, presides at inquiries relating to doctrine or Church law. Major-General Herring is a barrister in civil life.



LADY SMITH-DORRIEN

... Needlework for nerves

"CENTURIES-OLD remedy for nerves, needlework has had a great revival since air raids began," says Lady Smith-Dorrien, principal, Royal School of Needlework, London, who has instituted a "Needlework in Wartime" scheme of correspondence courses in all kinds of sewing. Women of the services standing by for duty stitch elaborate tapestries. Have coupon-free material for lessons.



MR. J. M. KEYNES

... Unorthodox finance

**MR. J. M. KEYNES**, Britain's noted economist, has been appointed a director of the Bank of England. Mr. Keynes is author of the plan for compulsory wartime savings, which has been partly adopted in the 1941-42 British Budget. His books on economics created a sensation because of their unorthodox views on finance.

He was a member of a recent British mission to America to confer with U.S.A. Treasury officials on the Lease-Lend Act.

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**T**HE slender woman is more energetic, more confident, less liable to ills. Such slenderness—and the bright eyes, clear skin, and radiant health that go with it—is assured by taking Bile Beans at bedtime.

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—Miss A. M. Palmer.

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## NUMBERED HOURS

**Exciting story of a pretty girl and a strange hazard.**

EVERY time the man standing in front of Valerie leaned forward to place his stakes here and there about the green cloth, his dinner-jacket, which was unbuttoned, caught on the back of the chair occupied by the lady with the elaborate coiffure, and his pocket yawned open within a few inches of Valerie's hands.

She couldn't help noticing that the pocket was heavy, with jetons, chips of all colors representing different values.

She moistened her lips, glancing at the people on either side of her. She was hemmed in. People crowded about the table, some in evening dress, some not. All were intent on the game.

Valerie wasn't in evening dress herself. She wore a white linen tailor-made cashmere sports jersey, blue banded down the front, and blue and white shoes. She was slender and very brown; her eyes were deep blue, dark-lashed; her hair, a long "bob," was sun-bleached almost to platinum. She didn't look "broke," but she was.

The man in front of her leaned forward again. His shoulders were broad; his hair was yellow and rather untidy. His laden pocket gaped open so widely that Valerie, who couldn't keep from looking down into it, felt her fingers tingle.

Just then another hand—tanned and lean, with a gold signet ring on the little finger—slid forward out of nowhere, dipped delicately into that yawning pocket, and, with a number of chips caught between the fingers, smoothly withdrew, vanishing.

Valerie's heart gave a great lurch, and stopped. A tremor went through her. A humming started in her ears. The voice of the croupier up at the middle of the table—the twenty-franc table in the first of the public rooms at Monte Carlo—sounded thin and remote:

"Trente-quatre, rouge, pair et passe."

The rakes slid, clicking across the smooth cloth. A little shower of jetons arced through the air towards a woman who thereupon drew a mysterious diagram in her notebook. The yellow-haired young man relaxed, straightened, put a hand in his pocket.

Valerie followed the movement with hypnotised eyes.

But he missed nothing. He just took some jetons from his pocket and glanced towards the wheel.

The croupier said, "Faites vos jeux," and the yellow-haired young man leaned forward.

Valerie's heart restarted with a bump. She swallowed dryly, looking again at the people on either side of her. They seemed normal enough. Most of them were English. They were intent on the game. She looked round over her shoulder.

A tall man in a dark-grey flannel suit, and a dark shirt with a light, obliquely-striped tie, detached himself unobtrusively from the throng. Half turned from Valerie, he put a cigarette between his lips, and lit it. His hair was dark and crisp. She saw the signet ring on his finger.

He tilted back his head to loose a thin feather of smoke towards

the lofty, painted ceiling, and without haste walked away.

Valerie turned back sharply to the yellow-haired young man. The croupier warned, "Rien ne va plus." The yellow-haired young man had eyes only for the wheel, smoothly spinning. Valerie half raised a hand to pluck his sleeve. But she hesitated.

She hesitated chiefly because she herself had felt the temptation of that gaping pocket. She turned abruptly, and with a murmured "Pardon" edged her way free of the throng.

The man with the signet ring was walking through into the inner room. She walked after him, without knowing what she proposed to do—if anything. She couldn't bring herself to denounce him publicly, yet she didn't see why she should let him do this.

He couldn't be worse off than she was.

True, she had a job to go to, the

*As Valerie watched, a hand slid forward and dipped into the yellow-haired young man's pocket.*

you will report to me there on that date," Valerie had made the instant, private resolve, "All right, I shall have a week in Monte Carlo on my own, see the Casino, and get it right out of my system, before I become a member of your household!"

It had seemed a bright notion, but she realised now that it had been a mistake. She hadn't had enough money; had cut things too fine; hadn't allowed, either, for the insidious atmosphere of the salles des jeux. With a job to go to, she had been careless. One or two mild little flutters, and she had awakened suddenly to the fact that she wouldn't have enough to pay the madame of her hotel at the end of the week.

The madame was a formidable, fat old battleaxe who sat all day in a nasty little cubbyhole off the hall, muttering over ledgers and fanning herself. She didn't look as though she'd take kindly to the news that she'd have to wait a bit for the other half of her money.

When Valerie had sounded her, had mentioned casually—as a feeler—that she had an excellent job to go to with Lady Kinsellen, the madame had looked so suspicious

to-night with what little remained to her.

She had lost. Now, not merely were her hours numbered, but the sands were running out fast. Her heart thumped with a sultry deliberation as she followed the man with the signet ring.

All the tables were in play; all were crowded. The immense chandeliers glittered. Short, hard-faced men in evening dress stood about here and there with their hands behind their backs and their eyes watchful. The voices of the croupiers sounded sharply.

The man with the signet ring circled one of the roulette tables. He found a gap, entered it—and a party of people, coming at that moment from the foreign money Caisse, sealed the gap behind him.

Valerie went right on round the table but couldn't get a glimpse of the man with the signet ring. She paused, irresolute—and became aware that one of those short, hard-faced men was watching her. She went and sat down on a huge couch against the wall and lighted a cigarette.

Presently she became aware that the croupier at the nearby table had twice called the same number: "Treize." A stir went through the crowd round the table; the jetons clattered more freely.

"Rien ne va plus," called the croupier.

The players were so still that Valerie heard the click of the ball as it slowed, rolled, hovered. There was a moment of silence, then the sharp announcement of the croupier:

"Treize, noir, impair et manque."

She thought suddenly that if he lost those jetons there was nothing much she could do. It hadn't struck her till just that second, and she was on the point of rising when the crowd round the table opened and the man with the signet ring emerged.

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**By Barry Perowne**

day after next; but she didn't expect to have it long. Lady Kinsellen, interviewing Valerie in Paris, had made it very clear that, although her villa was at Monte Carlo, she disapproved of gambling. The Casino was out of bounds for all members of her household, including even her family.

This had seemed hard to Valerie. She knew she would be tantalised to death if she had to live in Monte Carlo without ever being able to satisfy her curiosity about the Casino.

And when Lady Kinsellen had added: "I shall not arrive to open my villa until the twenty-second;

that Valerie's courage had faltered. The bill had been presented yesterday, and the thought of it had haunted Valerie ever since. So had the madame's eyes, squintily observing, from that gruesome cubbyhole, her comings and goings.

If the madame held her luggage and she had to turn up without it for her first day, Lady Kinsellen would certainly put two and two together. If the madame went to Lady Kinsellen herself...

Either way, Valerie's hours were numbered, and it was with her eyes open, with the sure knowledge that it was all or nothing, that she had taken her fling at the roulette-wheel.



**Now approaching its tense climax, this powerful serial tells the story of**

**RICHARD NEYSTOKE**, who inspired by an ardent desire to serve the poor, goes to live as a slum-dweller, falls in love with

**MIRANDA BURBIDGE**, a coster-girl, and ends by striking dead a ruffian who attacks her. Miranda persuades him that the man is only unconscious. He runs away, and only learns many years later, when he is well established and loved as a country vicar, that Miranda herself was tried and convicted for the man's murder. He suffers a nervous breakdown, aggravated by the presence at the vicarage of

**"ITLER,"** an evacuee boy who strangely resembles Miranda. Entering the nursing home of

**DR. FIELDWICKE**, Neystoke falls in love with the matron,

**SISTER ELSPETH GREY**, tells her part of his terrible secret, and returns home comparatively cured. "Itler" meanwhile has worries of his own, as his friendship with

**ROSEMARY**, Neystoke's 14-year-old daughter, is causing trouble with "CHIMP" and "GOB," his evacuee pals.

Now read on:

**T**HERE was a division of loyalties, and also bitter ill-feeling. Gob and Chimp took it badly, and they spread the news, in sorrow and in anger, that Itler had "took up with" a girl.

"Divided loyalties" is, in point of fact, a misnomer; for Itler, however lost to sense of right and wrong (as distinguished by his betters), however steeped in vice and villainy, was richly endowed with two virtues which some people consider to be the first and foremost—courage and loyalty.

He had the cold, hammered courage of the underdog; and with it the loyalty of the one-man dog—to the man who is his true and only god.

To the band, to his friends, his fellows, and his beliefs, he was as loyal as hill to blade; and neither bribe nor threat, neither fear nor love itself, would ever have made him disloyal, made him, as he would say in his strange synthesis of Cockney-Chicago dialect, "squeal." And by squeal he meant not only accuse and betray, but abandon and desert.

But, strike him perishin' pink, he could learn to ride a horse when he was given the chance, couldn't he? He could take time off from the gang to improve himself as a leader, couldn't he? Wait till Chink Gotti saw him on a horse!

In the fullness of time it came to pass that Chink Gotti did see Itler on a horse.

From a conveniently hidden spot in the shrubbery, Chink watched the equestrian antics of the abominably swollen-headed upstart lieutenant of the Black 'And Gang. His mouth set in a bitter and contemptuous sneer.

The muckin' little nark! Runnin' abaht with a fancy skirt, and puttin' on swank! He, Chink Gotti, would push the perisher's chest in for 'im . . .

And when Rosemary had trotted away on her fifteen-hand hunter, Chink emitted a low and peculiar whistle, to which Itler responded as does a well-trained dog to his master.

"I got a horse! I got a horse! I got a horse!" quoted Chink, bitter with contempt and disgust, as Itler joined him.

Anger and offended dignity almost moved the leader of the Black 'And Gang to strike his self-satisfied subordinate. Almost, but not quite; for such was not Chink's way. He had other, better, and safer methods than corporal punishment when desiring to retaliate.

"Wotcher come 'ere for?" Itler was asking.

"See you, and give you orders . . . Know Corkey the Coke?"

Itler's heart seemed to flutter



From a hidden spot in the shrubbery Chink Gotti watched the equestrian antics of his lieutenant.

slightly, and sink a little. He did know Corkey the Coke, and he feared him very much indeed. For Corkey the Coke was really bad. Dangerous, 'e was; wot 'e said went; and 'e said a lot and said it nasty. Chink Gotti was a perishin' pink-eyed fool to have any truck with Corkey the Coke. No good ever came of that—except to Corkey—and that "good" generally landed 'im in stir.

"Ow did 'e come down 'ere? You bring 'im?" he asked.

"Ow did 'e come down 'ere? 'Ow d'yer think? On 'is 'ands and knees. Me bring 'im? Naow! Wot yer talkin' abaht, young Itler?"

Young Itler was talking about one of the very wisest of the Wide Boys, a young gentleman said to hail from Cork and to be addicted to the peddling of coke—which is cocaine—and hence the sobriquet.

And in denying that he had brought him to Little Pudding, and the parts adjacent, Chink was over-modest. For there could be no doubt that there was a connection between Corkey's arrival and an interesting and curious letter which Chink had written to his dear old friend and kind patron, Mr. Joe Schinkler.

It might seem an unwise proceeding for Chink to write, on the subject of Corkey and his activities, to Mr. Schinkler, but even in the practically impossible event of the letter being tampered with, its contents were vague to the point of incomprehensibility . . .

"Read Sob."

"Howyer blowin'? Me 2. Prospeck also. Guys got dough. Spoc dusty in the dome. Nix on the big gaff. Some snappers and dirty diddiers. Young Itler with oiljo. Good fag to werres. Dame got big rocks. Oyster plips like nuts. Itler lamps. Big Peter in grubjoint. Cokey brings pint of soup. Edsint boj. Creepers. Hoppin this finds you in the pink as it now leaves me. Your ever lovin little granddaughter, Jooby."

Over this letter old Mr. Joe Schinkler had smiled happily.

"Goot poy!" he murmured, and read the letter again, translating it swiftly.

"Dear Master,

"How is your health? I trust that it is as good as is mine own. The prospects of business are also good. There are wealthy people here. The local and yokel police are, as you might suppose, quite unintelligent. The Manor House to which I referred is uninteresting—from your point of view. Large and unfriendly dogs roam the grounds at night, and the doors and windows are fitted with burglar-alarms.

"Our young friend Itler resides at the vicarage and the said vicarage would be an excellent gaff to screw—in other words, desirable residence to burgle. The vicar's lady is the possessor of very fine diamonds, and has pearls the size of walnuts. Our friend Itler has seen and described them to me. There is a large safe in the dining-room.

"I suggest that Corkey the Coke brings nitro-glycerine. It would be an inside job. There are ladders available. Sincerely hoping that you are as well as I am,

"Your loving granddaughter,

Jooby."

"Goot poy! Goot poy! Clever poy!"

**For the first time in his life, the young slum boy is confronted by the problem of divided loyalties.**

smiled Mr. Joe Schinkler, gently rubbing his hands together. "An inside job, eh? Little Itler goes down and unbolts the back door, eh? And if he has not done his job all right when they come, they can put a ladder up to his window. But he'll do it. He'll do it all right, when Corkey the Coke has had a word with him. Yes, he too will be a goot and clever poy when Corkey has said him some words!"

And old Mr. Schinkler had written a note to his granddaughter, saying that her little friend, Bessie Coker, would be coming to pay her a visit quite soon, and would like to bring home some nice lettuces and a rabbit.

# TWO FEET FROM HEAVEN

By . . . P. C. Wren



Chink Gotti, having retrieved the letter from the post office at Swinford, which was quite a long walk from the village of Beeston, where Chink was sojourning, had lost no time in coming to instruct Itler in the part that he was to take in the nice game that his leader, Chink Gotti—and his patron and exemplar, Corkey the Coke, and their old friend, Mr. Joe Schinkler—proposed to play in the sleepy village of Little Pudding.

It was a very small part indeed, and Itler need not make no song and dance about it. All 'e got to do on, the first of the month—

and 'e can't forget that date—was to go down, when the servants and family had gone to bed, and unbolt and unlock the scullery door. That was all 'e got to do. And 'e 'adn't better make no mistake about it, or Corkey the Coke would be at 'is window in 'arf once, and get into the 'ouse that way. And if Corkey was put to that trouble, 'e'd 'urt Itler—and 'urt 'im ugly . . .

And wot did Corkey the Coke want at the vicarage? Itler had inquired miserably.

Want? Wot did 'e want? Wanted to see if they'd forgotten to put the cat out, and 'ad given the canary 'is beer. Wot did Itler think Corkey'd want? To ask the vicker if 'e'd said 'is prayers?

Anyway, it wasn't nothink to do with young Itler, wot 'e wanted.

All Itler 'ad got to do, was wot 'e, Chink Gotti, leader of the Black 'And Gang, told 'im to do, and that was to unlock and unbolt the back door, go back to 'is bed, and know nothink about it.

And wot was Chink Gotti, the perishin' leader of the perishin' Black 'And Gang, goin' to do? No concern of young Itler's.

Right, then. Wot Itler did or did not do was no concern of Chink Gotti's, and Itler wasn't goin' to open no doors—not for nobody.

Well, if nose-parker Itler must know, Chink Gotti's job was to 'elp Corkey the Coke knock off the fast car outer ole Mrs. D'Evereux's garage, and drive away the jalopy wot Corkey come down from London in. Useful, important man, Chink Gotti was. Goin' to jo'n Corkey's own gang, by-and-by—the Wide Boys—and young Itler better be wide that night, too, wide awake, and leave that door unfastened. Then 'e could go to sleep till kingdom come.

That young skirt 'ad gotta bicycle, 'adn't she?

Itler stiffened, and the look he gave his chief was not respectful. Wot about it?

One could use it. Chink reckoned 'e would knock it off to-morrow. "Anyway, wot I was goin' to say was, you get a noli-can and oil that lock and bolt, see?"

"And you go and oil yer . . . brains!" snarled Itler. And the adjectives he used to qualify the noun are not to be found in the medical text-books.

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# SUMMER AFTERNOON

By . . .  
Anthony Armstrong

Only by  
keen wits  
could he  
save the  
girl he  
loved.

**L**ARGER pipette, please, Collins," said the man in the stained white coat over his shoulder. He was absorbed in the maze of chemical apparatus before him. A moment later he repeated the order, turning in annoyance, and saw that the laboratory was empty.

He then realised that it was, of course, Saturday afternoon. No wonder he had vaguely noticed a desolate air about the huge building on his return from a hasty lunch. And his three personal assistants were naturally away—probably, on a sweltering day like this, off to the country. He frowned. He knew he was forgetful, and there was a tricky experiment he had particularly wanted to get ahead with; his mind had been bent on it all through the meal.

Still he could manage. He bent to the table. His pale, keen face was alight with enthusiasm, the lips half-parted over the firm chin. It was a strange mixture of a face, the features of a man of action, the eyes of a dreamer.

An unusual type was the general verdict on Arthur Phillips. No one really knew what was going on in that wonderful brain which dealt with chemical formulas long as your arm as though they were pet names for a bunch of youngsters.

For at forty-five Arthur Phillips was already accepted as one of the most brilliantly original research chemists in the country. Large as his salary was, it was still probably far less than he was worth, and Messrs. British Commercial Chemists knew it. He might be difficult sometimes, and his moods might unpredictably vary from charming vagueness to offensive autocracy, from complete aimlessness to complete self-absorption, but he was a most valuable man.

The perfectly-equipped private laboratory, the three personal assistants, the many lesser fry, and the deference with which the firm treated him testified both to their open realisation of his value and their hidden fear that he might one day leave them for a rival concern.

Not that the idea ever occurred to Arthur Phillips. Nothing much, outside his immediate activities, occurred to him, until the actual situation came up and slapped him in the face.

He continued to work.

A lost breeze strayed through the window, bringing a general warm-asphalt, burnt-petrol smell. It touched his brow clammily, and he straightened up, easing his back, and let his brain run idle a moment. The sun-splashed laboratory was silent as a tomb. He thought of Collins and the others away off in the country with their girls.

He broke off suddenly. Girls! Marjorie! He went quickly to his coat hanging in the little office and fished through a diary. Wasn't he to have dined with her last night and gone down to . . .

No, thank heaven, it was to-night. That was a near one! Not that Marjorie would have minded—very much. She always made allowances for his little weakness. She just laughed her serene comfortable gurgle and never grew petulant at his mental lapses. That was because she loved him, he supposed, and his lips suddenly curved in a tender smile.

She'd never loved any one before, he reckoned—certainly not her husband. And that was another thing he almost kept forgetting, that her divorce was not yet completed. They still always had to organise their meetings so that her husband would not get the chance to upset the court's decision on the strength of them. Definitely a "nasty piece of work," her husband—vindictive as well as cruel and unscrupulous.

Replacing the diary his fingers encountered a battered carton of cigarettes. As he pulled one out his thoughts went off on another tack. He remembered for the twentieth time that, having recently lost his cigarette case, he had promised himself a really good one to celebrate his discovery two weeks ago of Compound 214; for each time he achieved some minor triumph he awarded himself, as it were, a decoration to chronicle the event.

Marjorie—the knot in the handkerchief, as she called herself—kept reminding him about the case, of course, but there was never an opportunity when he was with her. His mind reverted to her husband again. Slimy, drunken little brute! It would be a proper red-letter day when the decree was made absolute and Marjorie was rid of him at last! Then he and she would be married immediately.

The knock at the door was repeated twice before he heard it.

"Oh, come in!" he called mildly, and a man entered. Phillips looked at the stranger in surprise. He saw a big, powerfully-made man about thirty-five, well, if a little flashily, dressed. He had a self-confident, arrogant stare in a swarthy face. A typical man-about-town as represented by the shadier fringes of town's society. He looked very out of place in the hard bright efficiency of the laboratory.

"My name's Palante," said the newcomer genially. "Albert Palante." Phillips only stared. "Sorry it's such a queer name. I'm quite English," he added, with a contradictory flash of white South European smile. "But my family originally came from Italy."

"Delighted," murmured the scientist vaguely, wondering whether he knew the fellow and had forgotten him, as he so often did. "Er—have we—"

"We haven't had the pleasure of meetin'," the other answered for him in studied upper-class English,

"though I know of you, of course. Wanted a little talk, though."

"I'm afraid I'm terribly busy," muttered Phillips, knowing it wasn't much use, for the other obviously wore his self-confidence like a rhinoceros his skin.

"I'm sure you are. But this is important." He drew out a monogrammed gold cigarette case and offered it. "Smokin' allowed here, I hope? Don't know anything about chemicals and so forth. Nothing to blow us to pieces, is there?"

"Only if taken internally," said Phillips apologetically, looking at the serried rows of bottles. Then with a sudden change of manner: "Well, what is it? Hurry up, please, because"—he waved his hand—"all this is—"

"Oh, I know, old boy. I know. You're one of those really brainy chaps. I admire 'em. But they do make mistakes sometimes, don't they?" He smiled at the bewildered look in the other's eyes and went on: "I suppose we're alone all right? I watched you go in alone, but we'd better make sure."

"If it matters"—Phillips' voice was chilly—"the building is empty except for the normal watchmen."

"Good!" He made as if to sit on a bench near by, but Phillips said a little ironically: "Better mind your

nice suit! There might be acid about," and led the way into his little office.

"Ah, that's better! Now, Mr. Phillips! I'll come straight to the point." He paused—savoring the big moment. "Mrs. Maguire is a very charming young woman, isn't she?"

Phillips' heart missed a beat. So the well-kept secret was out, was it? "She is. And to save you beating about the bush, I'll tell you I see a lot of her."

"I guessed you did. That's why I'm here."

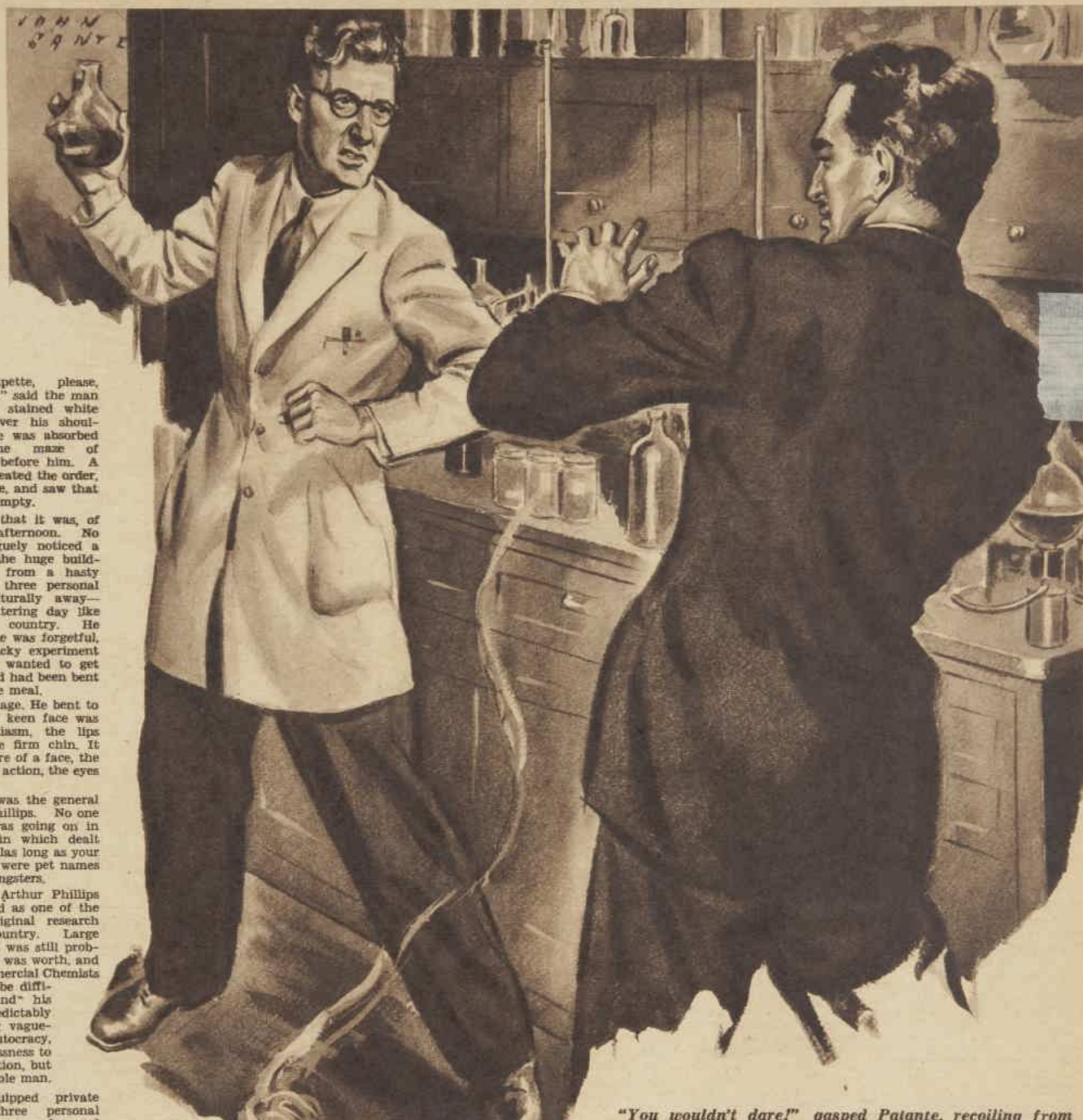
"How did you find all this out?" Not very worldly-wise, Phillips had not yet seen what the other was driving at.

"I know Marjorie Maguire, and her circumstances," the other man was saying airily. "So when I spotted her with you some weeks ago at Bartell's in Frith Street looking very pally I thought to myself, in the vulgar tongue: What ho! Is it or am I? So I did a bit of followin' up. And then I trailed along here one Saturday afternoon when you were alone, like to-day."

"You luckily popped out for something and I popped in. Your coat was behind the door. Four letters were in the pocket. Were, mark you."

"You wouldn't dare!" gasped Patante, recoiling from the fumes as Phillips raised the flask menacingly.

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# THEY CALLED HER FAST

Romantic  
Short Story

By ANNE  
VERNON

"Be nice to Guy," Mrs. Pontefract said. "He's back from the wilds of Canada and doesn't know a soul."

"How too thrilling!" said Lisa. "Of course I'll be nice to him. Does he want to see life?"

"You had better ask him that," said Mrs. Pontefract with a shade of disapproval in her voice.

There were times when she disapproved of Lisa and Audrey for all her boast that she was an admirer of the modern girl. They were so reckless—both of them. Lisa, with her vivid, laughing face, who pretended to keep house for her widowed father and spent her time dancing and driving a racing car; Audrey, married and the mother of two children, and nearly as bad as her sister.

Aeroplanes were her passion. She held a pilot's licence, and until the war neither husband nor children had been allowed to interfere with her flying.

"But they are nice girls, all the same," Mrs. Pontefract defended them. "And so pretty! And not really fast."

Pretty they were not. Audrey was tawny-haired and long-limbed, with a mouth too big for beauty and broad, strong hands. Lisa was fair-haired and tall. She could dance all night without tiring, and her energy was a byword. In their own set, these two were always the leaders in any reckless mischief.

"Send your wild man along," Lisa said to Mrs. Pontefract. "We'll show him the high spots. Has he got a beard?"

"Oh, no—he's most presentable."

He was more than that, Lisa thought. Taller than the average. Very blue eyes in a tanned face. A cheerful smile. Good hands.

She took him dancing.

"Now tell me where you came from and why," she said.

"Every heard of Canada?" he asked.

"Vaguely."

"The northern parts of it are a bit empty. That's where I live. I'm the doctor in a place called Laughing River."

"Why?"

"It was wished on me, in a way. My mother came from the backwoods and I feel a bit cramped anywhere else. So I set up in practice where there was plenty of room. And that's about all there is to it."

"What are you doing in England?"

"I came over with the troops. To help win the war and see something of England as a sideline."

"We'll show you England," said Lisa.

"Thank you," he said gravely.

Whenever he had leave he came up to London, and they danced together and played tennis, and occasionally Lisa treated him to a few miles of her precious petrol. His nerve was good. But once he said:

"Do you have to go ninety miles an hour all the time?"

"I get bored going slowly."

"And is that why you dance all night and drink more than is good for you?"

"Lawks, Guy, you aren't going all moral, are you?"

"I'll try not to. But you do rather waste your time, don't you?"

"That's a matter of opinion."

She was twenty-three. He was thirty. Each has its own point of view. But they went on meeting.

She showed him all her haunts. The places where she and her friends ate and drank and danced. He watched it all with those very blue eyes. He wasn't a prude. He didn't

mind what they said. And he was a marvellous dancer.

"Do you dance at Laughing River?" Lisa asked him once.

"Not noticeably," he told her.

"Then where did you learn?"

"Oh, one picks things up."

He wasn't paying attention to what he said. He was watching her—tall and slim in a white dress, which showed most of her straight back.

"I've never seen anyone whose looks I liked better," he said at last.

That was what started it, Lisa supposed. She'd lost her heart before now, and found it again. But this man was different. There was something about him that she didn't understand—and it intrigued her. He was a little aloof, but he joined in their parties.

"You be careful," Audrey said, "or you'll be in over your knees."

"I'm waist-deep already," Lisa said.

"Oh, Lisa—not—"

"I LOVE him," Lisa told her sister. "It's a funny feeling."

"And what about him?"

"He hasn't said anything. But I think he's the same."

But time wore on and nothing happened.

And then one evening Guy said: "I can never thank you enough for giving me such a marvellous time."

Lisa had used nearly all her month's petrol that day. They had driven to the sea and spent long hours by the water. Now they were driving back through a marvellous moonlight night. Romantic—if you looked at it like that.

"It wasn't anything," Lisa said slowly. She stopped the car and lit a cigarette. She waited. Guy said nothing.

So at last she spoke, in a voice which didn't sound like her own. "Will you take me back with you?" she asked. "When the war's over, will you take me to Laughing River?"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning—I love you."

There was a long, long silence. The moonlight was silver on her bent head, silver on Guy's quiet face.

"I'm sorry," he said at last. "I've

*"And you're the girl I scolded," Guy said when Lisa reached the end of her story.*

been thoughtless and stupid. Only it never occurred to me."

"But—"

"I like your looks. I like being with you. We've had fun, haven't we? But, darling child—I never dreamed you'd take me seriously!"

"I don't, most people. But you're different. And I thought—"

her voice trailed away.

"Look here, Lisa. I live in the backwoods. I shall live there all my life, because that's where my work lies. You don't know what it's like."

"Then tell me."

"Woods. Untracked. Stretching for miles. A little settlement that used to be a trading post. One day, perhaps, if the railway comes there, it will be a town. At present there are fifteen houses, two shops and a church. In the winter we are snowed up. In the summer there are mosquitoes. Sometimes I travel sixty miles on snowshoes to see a patient."

"What's that got to do with it?" she asked impatiently.

"Can't you see?"

"No. I'm tough, you know, Guy. I can do anything."

Then he laughed. "You? Do anything?" he said.

"Well, can't I? You've seen me. I can dance all night and play tennis all day, and drive—"

"And get drunk and act the fool," he finished her sentence swiftly. "I don't want to be rude, Lisa, but can't you see yourself dispassionately? You dress marvellously and dance divinely. You know all the catchwords. You're great fun. You have more energy than any woman I've ever seen. You're even quite

efficient at your A.R.P. work, I expect. But that's all."

"In fact—I'm no good!" she said quietly.

"Not for real life. Not to face loneliness and hard work and responsibility. Not to bear children and scrub floors in the backwoods. Not to make your own clothes (because there's nowhere to buy them) and depend on your own resources. You're a modern miracle, Lisa, and there's nowhere for you in my old-fashioned life."

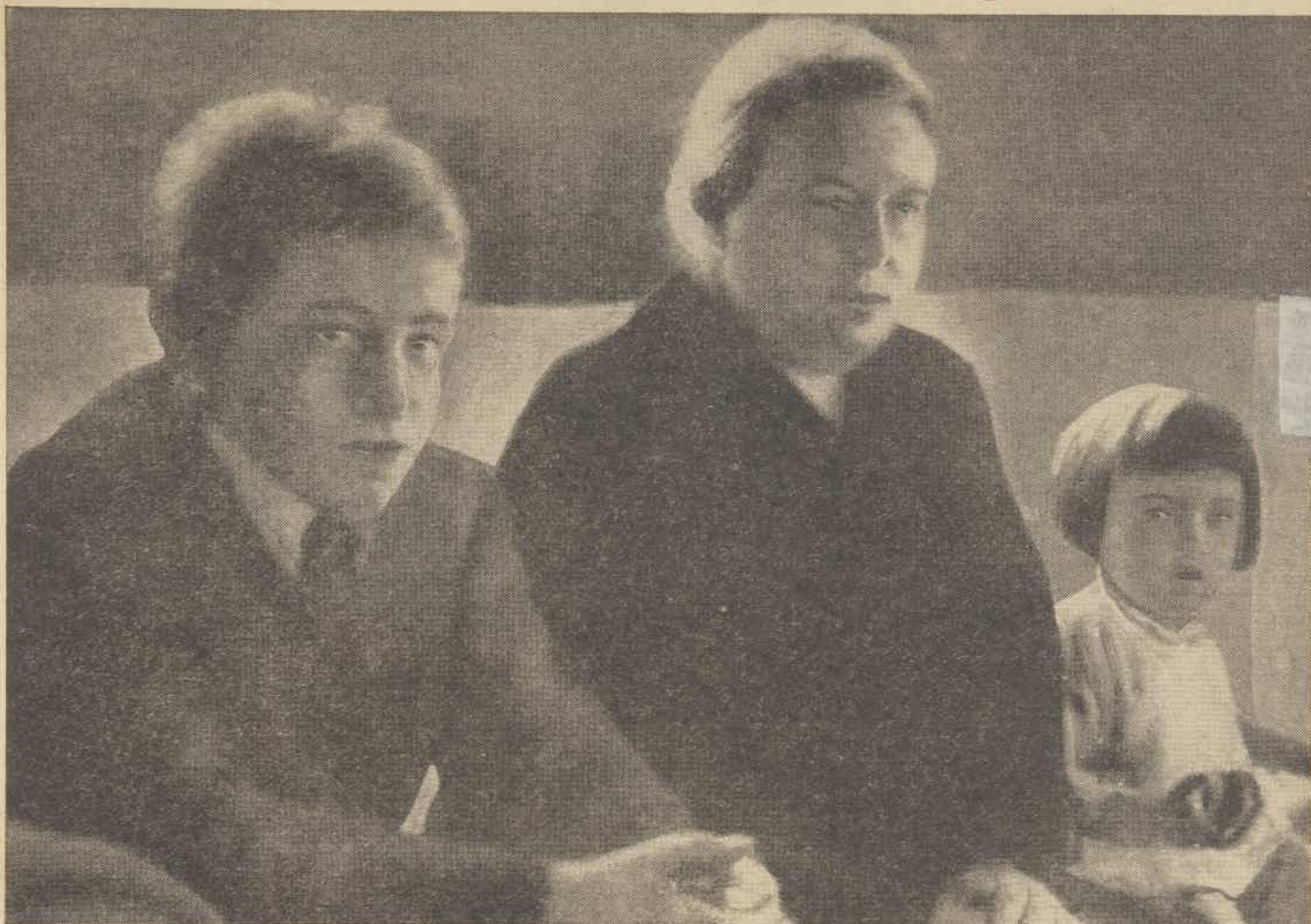
"I thought you'd enjoyed your leaves," she said bitterly. "We've tried to amuse you."

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# Gestapo could not hold this Norwegian mother



FRU GUVNOR STEND, her son Kaare, and daughter Gerda, who came to England after an amazing voyage from Norway in a fishing smack.

**"I could not rear my children in hatred," she said**

**Takes brood of six through North Sea gale to England and freedom**

Special interview with England's heroine of the moment by MARY ST. CLAIRE, our London representative—By Cable.

I have just met the happiest and perhaps the bravest woman in England to-day. She is Norwegian mother Guvnor Stend, who, facing starvation of herself and children under the Nazis, packed her six youngsters into a fishing smack and headed into a North Sea gale for England—and freedom.

Fru Guvnor Stend is a simple woman, a fisherman's wife who gleaned a little living on her own patch of land, but she had a Viking's courage and a passionate love of liberty. More, she was a mother who would not rear her children under the shadow of the hated Gestapo.

SO one night she fed her cows, watered her garden, patted her dog, locked her door, and, gathering her children about her, went away into the dark to where the Nazis could not reach her.

She dismissed her epic voyage with a noble simplicity.

"I couldn't rear my children in hatred and fear," she said.

Meeting the Stend family in London gave me the chance to give to-

day the happiest party of my life, a birthday party for Gerda Stend, who is two years old to-day.

She is too young to understand that it was only the courage of her kindly, intelligent mother that made the party possible.

Like any little girl of two, Gerda has been gorging herself with lemonade, cake, apple, chocolate, and, to show just how badly off Gerda's Norwegian playmates are under the Nazi heel, I can assure you that the taste of all this food is absolutely new to Gerda.

She has never tasted chocolate, lemonade, or currant cake, and she's never seen a round, rosy apple. Gerda's diet has been fish and potatoes. The Nazis take all the food.

Gerda's mother, who has eight other children, is the wife of a Norwegian fisherman.

**RADIOGRAMMED** from London, the picture of the Viking heroine and two of her children was taken exclusively for *The Australian Women's Weekly* at the birthday party given for little Gerda by our representative.

She brought six of her family with her in a little fishing smack. She sailed the North Sea for four days in one of our worst gales.

But she had courage and determination. She nursed her children when they were cold and tired, she kept up their spirits, when they were discouraged and weary, with stories of their father, whom they hoped to join and who had been unable to return since his country was invaded.

Of the nine children there were

one knows who paid, but it certainly was not the Nazis.

"Hitler's portrait is in every public building. So is Quisling's. We hate the sight of them."

"We hate having to feed and look after Nazis. They commandeer our best houses."

She told me the bread was made of wood pulp, and it is impossible to cut it as it sticks to the knife like wet paper.

All dress materials are of wood pulp and have no warmth, but Norwegian women still keep up with smart cut and style.

"We actually left at dead of night, but before that I'd made a few preparations," said Fru Stend. "I fed my three cows well, for I didn't know when they'd get more fodder. But the Germans will take them soon, for they loot everything for themselves."

"I watered the flowers for the last time."

"Packing a few things and taking a tin of oil for the engine, I sent the children on ahead. Then I said good-bye to our dog Karo and locked him in the house, so that the poor old one wouldn't follow us."

"In the darkness we made our way to the boat and slipped silently aboard."

"Gerda was very good, and didn't cry once all the time. After the first day we were held up and remained practically stationary, for there was such a gale blowing dead against us that our little outboard motor was just able to hold its own and prevent us being blown backward."

"It was the most anxious time, but I never gave up hope, though I worried every hour of the voyage and hardly slept a wink."

"We ran out of water, for we did not expect to meet such bad weather, and towards the last we were all parched with thirst."

"My elder sons gave a hand sailing the boat, and they had a hard time of it, for several times we really thought she must sink."

"When we sighted land—and free-



dom—it was like waking from some dreadful nightmare.

"I had been told my husband was dead, but I had never given up hope of finding him again."

"The rumor was that his ship was attacked."

"When I reached London, however, I met my husband Erik."

"He rushed up to me at Norwegian headquarters, and pulled my sleeve. I couldn't think what to say, I was so overjoyed."

At the party for Gerda her fourteen-year-old brother Kaare brought his piano accordion which he had smuggled aboard the tiny craft.

Kaare told me a lot about how the Germans are interfering with Norwegian schools (he is a bright lad for his age).

"We used to learn English at school, and it is like a second language. Now we've to learn German, and English is banned."

"We have to listen hour after hour to Nazi propaganda."

"It is no good refusing to listen. It is easier to sit with tongue in cheek."

"It was just as well I had some education before the Germans came out. Now it is cut down and we are not taught half the things we should know."

Fru Stend's family is now scattered. The eldest is 23-year-old Gertrude, then Magnus (22), and Alfred (21) (both boys joined the Norwegian Navy here). Twenty-year-old Therese has taken up nursing in Scotland. In hospital is ten-year-old Perre, who did not stand up to the rigors of the voyage in the open smack, and who is having a bout of tonsillitis. This is the family of one of the bravest women in Europe to-day.





# R.A.A.F. Spitfire pilot met the Queen

"Her eyes are grey, her skin perfect," he says

Ray Bassett, 20-year-old R.A.A.F. sergeant-pilot, doesn't care if the whole world says Queen Elizabeth has blue eyes . . . he knows they are greenish-grey . . .

He met Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle, talked to her and made up his own mind about the color of the Royal eyes.

RAY, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bassett, of Oakleigh, Victoria, is now in an Australian Spitfire squadron in England.

His meeting with Royalty was most picturesquely described in a letter home.

"Yesterday morning we were told that an excursion to Windsor Castle was being arranged for some of the 'Colonials,'" he wrote.

"We paid our 1/6 for transport and off we went.

"We passed Eton, with its celebrated playing fields.

"Etonians in their picturesque toppers and tails wandered about. The Canadians with us were rather outspoken about the boys' amazing clothes.

"We came at last to the castle. The Royal Standard flew from the mast on the Round Tower, and so I hoped then to see the Royal Family.

"We walked around the old stone walls and looked over the Thames and Windsor Park . . . a huge and lovely garden . . .

"In front of the Royal residence

I looked over the wall of the East Terrace and saw Princess Elizabeth and her sister, Margaret Rose, playing with their dogs.

"We stood to attention, and Her Majesty the Queen came into our midst.

"On seeing our uniforms she came over to where we stood. She came near enough for me to touch her, and said something about being delighted to see Australians here.

"She then asked me how old I was, and where I trained, and I told her. I also told her we nearly died in the winter in Canada, and she replied that she was sorry for us leaving such a fine warm climate for one so bitterly cold.

"Her Majesty mentioned her visit to Australia, and I said, 'We Australians are looking forward to seeing you at home when the war is over.' One of the boys came in with the remark, 'Well, it won't

be long now, for we'll put it in the bag.'

"Her Majesty laughed and said, 'I know our country will take you to its heart, as yours took us. God bless you all.'

"Altogether the Queen was with us for five minutes, much to the jealousy of the poor old Camucks.

"The Princesses kept discreetly smiling in the background while their mother was with us," continued the letter.

Before Ray Bassett left Australia he promised his 16-year-old sister Lesley a complete description of the King and Queen should he ever see them, with careful attention paid to what the Queen wore.



SERGEANT-PILOT RAY BASSETT (centre) with two comrades, while training in Canada.



THE TWO ELIZABETHS, a recent charming study of the Queen and her eldest daughter.

He kept his promise.

"The Queen was dressed in a sky-blue costume, turned-up hat with a short veil to match. A fawn blouse, shoes of the same color in suede, and a matching fur in her hand. She wore her famous pearls.

"Though not beautiful, her skin is perfect, and her smile really charming. She wore a fairly bright but most discreet lipstick.

"She possesses the ability to place you at your ease effortlessly, and her perfectly informal manner and conversation were just as the world has found them.

## Princesses' glorious hair

"THE Princesses are really pretty, with glorious hair. Princess Elizabeth is much darker than her sister, rather tall, and has a most Royal bearing.

"They had queer-looking dogs, of a breed unknown to me. One was a long-haired, doleful-looking thing, with a fringe over its face like a curtain.

"The Princesses wore their usual tailored coats, also sky-blue, strap shoes, but no hats. I noticed in Princess Elizabeth's coat a very pretty diamond-and-emerald brooch in a sort of flower arrangement.

"But those pearls of the Queen's . . . The lower one in each of the three ropes was as big as sixpence.

"Her eyes are a greenish-grey color, and I don't care if the whole world says they are blue . . ." ended the Australian lad's letter.

Thrilled over the letter was pretty seventeen-year-old Barbara Bertram, of Chelsea (Vic.), who is Ray Bassett's fiancée.

They met two years ago, and became engaged before Ray left for overseas.

Barbara had to choose her own ring after he had gone, but she designed it, and her future father-in-law did the buying on behalf of his son.

Last week Barbara got a cable from Ray telling of his joy that the ring was on her finger.

She has taken a job till Ray comes home. She is quite willing to agree that if he says the Queen's eyes are grey they are grey . . .

Ray waxes eloquent about the planes which he is flying.

"The 'Spit' is really something."



BARBARA BERTRAM, of Chelsea, Victoria, 17-year-old fiancée of Ray Bassett.



MR. AND MRS. H. J. BASSETT, of Oakleigh, Victoria, parents of Ray Bassett.

he wrote recently. "When you open that throttle, things happen so fast you lose all idea of your position.

"But the Spit is glorious to handle in the air, having no vices whatever, but only hard to land when visibility is poor."



## Love Set

"Love" may be "nothing" in tennis, but it certainly is everything in life to a woman. They who get love are the ones who win! They who have loveliness are the ones who get love. What is your score?

If you use Three Flowers Face Powder, you'll rate tops in charm. Always well-groomed, yet so fresh and natural-looking, your complexion will make you win first place in his heart, and make you match mates for life!

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## Red Cross Dream Home tickets

TICKETS in the Red Cross Dream Home—the lovely harbor hilltop home which will be won for 1/- — may be reserved now, though they will not be on sale until January.

If you would like tickets sent to you in January for yourself or for your friends, write without delay and reserve them.

You can reserve single tickets at 1/- each, books of 6 tickets at 5/- each (1 free ticket), or books of 12 tickets at 10/- (2 free tickets). Address your letter to The Secretary, Red Cross Dream Home, Box 65CC, G.P.O., Sydney.



# MY FIRST TASTE OF BATTLE . . . AND VICTORY

Digger tells his own vivid story of blood baptism in Syrian campaign

*"This was a man's fight"*

A soldier, Signaller Alf Lewis, sent this story. He called it "The first taste of battle." His impressions of war came white-hot from his pen. Almost before the guns had cooled he wrote down what he had seen and endured. We have not altered a line of it.

"WELL, Alf, it won't be long now."

I nodded silently as the sound of those half-solemn, half-mocking words fell upon my ears, sending a strange tingling emotion that I could not analyse vibrating through my whole body.

It was my pal who had spoken. Close companions we'd been ever since that unforgettable day when we stood side by side on the deck of a mammoth liner and gazed silently at the shores of Australia as the propellers of that mighty ship, with its human cargo of the finest soldiers in the world, thrust the green water aside on its urgent and so magnificent mission.

But Old Man Time had grown much older since then, and at present we were resting among the awe-inspiring hills of — waiting to engage an enemy force.

I glanced at Reg.

"How do you feel," I asked him with a wry grin.

He answered with a smile. "Oh, not bad. If they would only get moving. It's this waiting that gets on my nerves."

Unconsciously he had voiced the thoughts of myself and, as I later confirmed, our whole battalion, as we waited impatiently for zero hour, which was as yet many hours off.

Our coming job was to attack and occupy a large town, at present in enemy hands, and our C.O. had taken great pains to impress upon us how vital it was that our venture should meet with success.

The town nestled in a picturesque valley, bounded on all sides by towering hills, and on one of these hills the enemy had dug-in and fortified himself.

From this we would have to dislodge him to gain entry to the town itself.

And now, lying on the hard

ground, with the sky above forming a flawless ceiling of blue, the words of my pal, "Well, Alf, it won't be long now," gave me reason for much thought.

Yes! The time had come! The attack would be our first taste of real fighting, for until now the war had treated us kindly.

Reg offered me a cigarette, and as we sat and smoked our conversation broached upon many subjects.

Suddenly Reg turned towards me.

"Have you still got that slip in your paybook?" he asked. I answered his question with a reassuring nod. Then, "Have you still got mine?" I asked. He replied the same way.

You see, in Reg's paybook was

By  
*Alf Lewis*

the address of my mother, and in my paybook was the address of Reg's mother.

It was an understanding between us, formed a few hours earlier, that if one of us should make for our country the supreme sacrifice, that is to say, in our terms, "kick the bucket," in the coming attack, the one that came through was to write to the other's mother to let her know that he had gone down fighting.

There would be things he could write about, intimate little things, that would not be mentioned in the brief official report.

We had soberly talked the matter over, finally coming to the conclusion that the idea was a good one.

To let those nearest our hearts know that we had gone down fighting. Yes! Mum would be proud of that.

And so the minutes dragged on as we chatted and smoked, waiting for the word to go.

Soon it grew quite dark, so we could smoke no longer, for a cigarette glow can be seen from far away and there would be hostile eyes eagerly watching for any sign that would reveal to them our position.

Suddenly there was a stir among the boys, a quiet murmuring was passing along the line. Our sergeant sidled up to us. "Prepare to move, fellows!"

At last! We were to proceed to the start line, from which point the fun

would really begin. Slowly, but methodically, our column got under way in perfect fighting order.

Some of the lads were grimly quiet, others cracked jokes in a whispered undertone.

I felt like singing now that we were under way, with memories of golden careless hours spent with the fellows who marched beside me, and happy in the thought that I was to share the dangers ahead with them, even as we had all shared the fun.

We had been marching for a while when suddenly the dim, khaki-clad figure ahead of me turned his head for an instant and whispered, "No talking. Pass it back."

And so it went along, right down the line, until the obedience of the command was established by the comparative silence that followed.

Eventually we dispersed, and now we were creeping forward like so many ghosts, eyes vainly trying to pierce the darkness ahead.

Another whispered command, and we went swiftly to ground. We had reached the starting line.

I knew what would happen now. Our artillery would open up, and this would be the signal for us to go in.

And so once again we lay and waited, a feeling of gnawing impatience creeping over me, as I offered a silent prayer for things to get going.

At last it happened.

## Action at last

A DULL boom, followed instantly by a high-pitched whine, ended in a crashing crescendo of fire and sparks on the hill directly ahead.

Round after round went crashing into the enemy's fortifications, and soon the air hung heavy with thick, pungent smoke.

A blinding flash on my right told me that we had been spotted, and, as the enemy's shells were lobbing too close to be comfortable, it was quite obvious that they had "ranged" off this approach.

Silence was now abandoned, and I could hear our officer shouting to us to move forward, his firm voice doing much to steady my rapidly thumping heart.

So we plunged onwards, weapons grasped firmly between eager hands, firing mostly from the hip.

The enemy were now pelting us with everything they possessed, and I find it difficult to describe the battlefield as I now recall it.

Color, sound, and noise . . .

## THE OLD SONG

INTO action, the boom of the guns, men dropping in their tracks, silence—then the sound of voices shouting — stretcher-bearers — the tense moments of the fight — silence again and then the song "Tipperary."



Flashes . . . explosions . . . groans. Very frequently the frantic cry of "stretcher-bearer" could be heard in a momentary lull in the din and the shouting, cursing, imploring commands of our officers, striving to make themselves heard.

Our progress was fast and furious.

Suddenly the figure beside me seemed to pause, then toppled over and lay strangely still on the hard ground.

But we had been given orders not to stop, and whether or not he was badly hit I could not tell.

And so we followed the barrage up, sweating, cursing, and shouting.

There were no tanks to aid us, they would be useless in this particular type of country, with its rugged, almost impassable hills.

It was a perfect chance, though, for the Australian MAN to show to the world his unbeatable fighting courage, displayed so many times before.

There were many brave deeds during this attack, incidents that did not result in the presentation of medals, nor the mention of the

man concerned in military despatches.

But they only went to prove that the 1940 Diggers had inherited from their fathers that quick-thinking initiative and bravery, the capacity for taking punishment and for dish-ing it out which had opened for them, in 1914-1918, the gateway to the world.

We were rapidly advancing now, cursing and yelling, and shouts such as "Coo-ee" and "Here we come, you ——" were prominent in the melee.

Eventually, we neared the crest of the hill, and, urged on by each other, we captured the outpost.

Now for the village, which lay below, well over a thousand feet from our position.

It was with a glad sigh that I observed Reg walking toward me, and saw he was quite O.K.

I noticed, however, with a sharp pang of regret, that many faces were missing from our platoon and the names of these fellows passed through my mind, in quiet reverence.

But now we were moving on. The going was hard and dangerous, no detours being made as we plunged forward down that steep incline.

It gave me the impression that our leaders had fixed their eyes on an object in the village, and, as though hypnotised, were making directly toward it.

I wondered grimly what awaited us in the village, and then, as though in answer to my unspoken question, came the welcoming sound of cheering and clapping floating up.

It was the favorable reaction of the villagers as they saw us moving into their domain.

So we hurried on to the town, which had now taken on an atmosphere of warmth and friendliness.

At the outskirts of the village the inhabitants were awaiting us with huge jugs of water.

I enjoyed that glass of water more than any I had drunk in my life, although I had to gulp it down as the now normal voice of our officer was persistently calling, "Come on, lads. Keep moving. There's work to be done yet."

Continued on page 10





## OVER THE GARDEN FENCE



"WHAT'S SO AMUSING, Mrs. Holiday?" asked a friend, noticing my smile as a very well-dressed group passed us on the beach the other day. So I told her the rhyme that had sprung to my mind—an old couplet written when women first took to sea-bathing.

"The ladies, dressed in flannel cases,  
Show nothing but their hands and faces."

How different from the attractive swimming costumes we wear to-day! And that goes for all our beach clothes, too. Indeed, it seems to me that playsuits, beach gowns and slacks suits are becoming smarter and smarter every year.

## LOOK WELL GROOMED

Gone are the times when you could lounge around the beach in any comfy old things—these days beach clothes must be immaculately pressed and laundered. It does make a difference when the white garments are really snowy and the coloured ones clear and vivid. And these are just the results you get when you use the right amount of Persil (one heaped tablespoon to every gallon of water). I always recommend Persil because it cleans so thoroughly and at the same time takes such good care of colours.

While I'm on the subject of good grooming, do see that you press back the crease in shorts and slacks exactly where it was before washing. A guide mark stitched at waistline and at knee or ankle, inside the hem, will help you. Now for the actual washing of the various popular sports fabrics.

**WHITE COTTONS AND LINENS:** Boil in Persil with the usual household wash. Iron first on the wrong side, up to but not over the seams. If you prefer a shiny surface, finish by ironing

on the right side with a fairly hot iron. **COLOURED COTTONS, LINENS AND ART. SILKS:** Wash in just tepid Persil suds and rinse well. If the colour is brilliant or very dark or shows any tendency to run, add vinegar to the last rinsing water—about 1 cupful to every gallon. Dry inside out and in the shade. Iron coloured cottons and linens as for the whites but don't use a very hot iron. Art. silks should be pressed only on the wrong side using a cool iron.

**FLANNEL:** Shorts and slacks of this material should be washed and rinsed in water of the same temperature—tepid. Press rather than iron on the wrong side, under a damp cloth. Use a well-padded ironing surface.

**CHENILLE** (imitation candlewick): The material on a white or natural ground is simple to wash because the tufting thread is always fast dyed. But chenille with a coloured ground is not always fast and must be washed in tepid suds. After rinsing, hang beach coats, whether white or coloured, on a padded coat-hanger, ease into shape and leave to dry. There is no need to iron.

Edited By  
Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY

(Famous English Washing Authority) AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS. As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment.

## PICNICS ARE SUCH FUN

FIVE HINTS TO HELP YOU PLAN A PERFECT DAY:



Here's a marvellous way to keep sandwiches fresh: Buy a sandwich loaf of bread and cut off three of the side crusts and the two ends. Instead of cutting the bread into the usual slices, cut it the length way of the loaf, spread the fillings and replace these long sandwiches on one of the long crusts. Now cut them into more normal sizes—without cutting through the crust.

Replace the top, side and end crusts so that it looks like a full loaf again. Wrap in grease-proof paper and tie with string.

If you're taking hooters or stewed fruit, set it with gelatine—it's easier to cope with—and pack in a screw-top jar.

See that the lettuce is deliciously crisp before you pack it. Add one teaspoonful of carb. soda to a pint of water and soak it for about half an hour.

When it's time to boil the billy, remember this: Dead twigs which are still on the tree burn best—even after rain. That's because they don't soak up the water like sticks on the ground.

A picnic special—one of these gaily coloured tablecloths that don't need ironing. It can be easily washed out and popped back into the picnic basket for next time.

Exclusive Mary Holiday  
PATTERN SERVICE

2/6 Patterns for 6d.



## "LITTLE MISS MUFFET"

Even a beginner can follow these easy-to-make Mary Holiday patterns, which include an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain these beautiful overseas patterns, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for packing and postage, etc.), to "PATTERNS," P.O. Box 495H, Melbourne. (Pattern can only be obtained by post, and from this address.) Don't forget to give your name, address and state. Ask for Pattern "W 21" (and state clearly what size you require).

SUPPLIES OF THIS PATTERN CANNOT BE GUARANTEED UNLESS ORDERED BEFORE 14th FEBRUARY, 1942.

P.135.13WW

## Two Feet From Heaven

Continued from page 4

THUS the boy known to his mother as Richard Garden, and to his friends as Young Tiler, was placed upon the horns of a dilemma, and faced with his first great moral difficulty and problem.

To squeal, or not to squeal?

The whole of his slum-training, nurture, precept, and admonition said: No, of course he couldn't squeal. What remained of self-respect, if a person sank to that awful depth? He was yellow; he was beneath the contempt of the honest man, and even further beneath that of the dishonest man.

On the other hand, was he to help in the robbery of Rosemary's house? Take part in the theft of her mother's jewels? Equally: No.

Without ever having heard the phrase "divided loyalties," even if he had heard the word loyalty itself, he knew that he was now faced with the problem of divided loyalties, and the question of to whom his loyalty was due.

At first sight, to the band, of course. To the band of brethren of which he was the lieutenant. To Chink Gotti, the chosen and recognised leader to whom he had voluntarily sworn loyalty—though not, again, in those terms and words. He had his duty to the Black 'And Gang and its leader.

And what about his duty to the people who had been so kind to him? What about gratitude? Love and gratitude?

Though these terms were not in his vocabulary, the sentiments that they expressed were very definitely in his spirit. He loved the wonderful little girl who had given him glimpses of new worlds and he was deeply grateful to her, to her mother, and to her father.

Then, of course, there was the question of what Corkey the Coke would do to him if he failed him. Corkey would think as much of strangling him with a cord, tying a brick to the end of it, and showing him into the canal on a foggy night as he would of doing the same for a perishing kitten. However, that aspect of the matter could be put aside.

The point was, should he go and tell the police all about it; should he tell 'Oly Joe about it? Should he tell Rosemary and leave it to her; or should he keep his head shut?

Shut, of course.

He could not, and he would not, squeal. And that point could be set aside also.

Now then should he unfasten the back door for Corkey the Coke that night? No. He'd no more do that than he'd squeal. And that point could be set aside.

Thus, there remained the difficult question as to whether he should do anything at all in the matter.

And, after long cogitation and considerable nail-biting—a bad habit prohibited by Rosemary, and into which he again now fell—he decided that he would do nothing. He would not help; he would not squeal; and he would not hinder.

But wasn't this, again, a dirty dog's game? To stand aside and see his benefactors robbed without a word of warning?

Better wait till the night, and see what happened—one thing that wouldn't happen being their finding the back door unlocked and unbolts.

Corkey the Coke was not a violent man. He had never killed anybody roughly, noisily, or in messy fashion. He never swore, blustered, or threatened, but occasionally gave

sinisterly quiet promises, and kept them.

"E 'asn't unfastened the door," he whispered to Chink Gotti. "I can't open it . . . I can open 'im, though, one fine night," he added softly. "Come and get the creeper."

A few minutes later, the top of the ladder came to rest beneath the window-sill of the room in which Tiler slept. This, too, was closed and fastened. But that was not a matter of any importance.

Taking from his pocket the kind of tool-knife which is, in itself, "circumstantial evidence," Corkey opened a long thin blade, inserted it between the sashes of the upper and lower windows, pushed back the catch, raised the lower window, and stepped into the room.

Switching on his little electric torch he saw that the bed was empty. He also found that the door was locked, and the key, still in the lock, was on the other side of the door.

Corkey the Coke smiled instead of swearing, as he recognised the cleverness of this move. A lock in which the key rests cannot be picked.

However, there are other ways. From a bag which hung across his shoulders like a satchel, Corkey took a blunt-nosed long-handled pair of pliers, with them seized the slightly protruding end of the key, and, with a powerful grip and wrench, turned it round and unlocked the door.

At the very moment that he did so, the young gentleman whom most particularly he desired to interview opened the front door of the house and was welcomed with a brilliant beam of light which dazzled his eyes.

"Safe in the arms of a policeman!" he observed with cockney coolness and humor.

"Too right," agreed Sergeant Hollis, gripping him firmly with his great hand.

For the "dusty domed" local yokel police were on to Corkey the Coke from the moment that Chink Gotti had obligingly helped him to knock off Mrs. D'Evereux's fine fast car.

When a London gentleman turns up in a battered flivver, changes its number-plates, hides it, and borrows another car, the matter becomes of interest to those whose business it is to be interested in such doings.

Sergeant Hollis was ambitious and smart; so was Constable Hogben, waiting round at the back until such moment as the sound of his superior's whistle let him know that the time had come to seize the culprit in the act. The place to nab the blighter was inside, and get a good solid burglary case, and no nonsense about "loitering with intent."

Had Sergeant Hollis been even smarter than he was, he would have seized Tiler by his head and clamped that fine large hand over the boy's face, so that he would then have been dumb. For, even as Corkey the Coke opened the bedroom door, he heard a whistle that told him all he needed to know.

Unlike Corkey, the bad man, Sergeant Hollis the good man did swear, but too late—for a whistle cannot be recalled. It can be repeated, though, and with a swift movement, and with all his strength, Sergeant Hollis blew a long and loud blast on the instrument provided for that purpose.

"Yer would, would yer, yer little swine!" he growled, as he flung Tiler from him, dashed into the hall and up the stairs.

Please turn to page 12

## First taste of battle

Continued from page 9

SOON we were well into the village itself, and a further burst of handclapping and cheering explained for themselves the attitude of these people towards us.

Strangely enough, we gave no outward sign of the victory we had attained.

No throwing of hats into the air, nor the shouting and yelling that one might think should accompany our conquest.

Perhaps we were thinking of the many cold, still forms lying back on that bleak, unympathetic hill.

But just then a strange thing happened.

I will never forget it.

As though at a given signal, although there was none given, some of our boys began to sing, softly at first, and, as we all joined in, louder and louder still, until the hills were hurling the sound back as

though loath to let it pass some imaginary gateway.

But what was the song we sang? It did not belong to this modern era.

It was not "Roll Out the Barrel" or "Wish Me Luck," nor any of those other catching melodies that were being sung by thousands of marching men since, for the second time in 25 years, civilisation had gone berserk.

No! "Tipperary" was the song, but somehow the tune sounded strange, almost eerie.

It was as though the spirits of our fathers who had died in that last Great War had met us in this village and, marching along beside us now, were whispering, "We trusted you! We knew you would not fail."

She thought her washing was white till a  
PERSIL-USER came next door

Ordinary washing . . . Persil washing—what a difference! Persil with its millions of gentle oxygen-charged suds cases dirt right out of the weave itself. It washes whiter because it washes so much cleaner!



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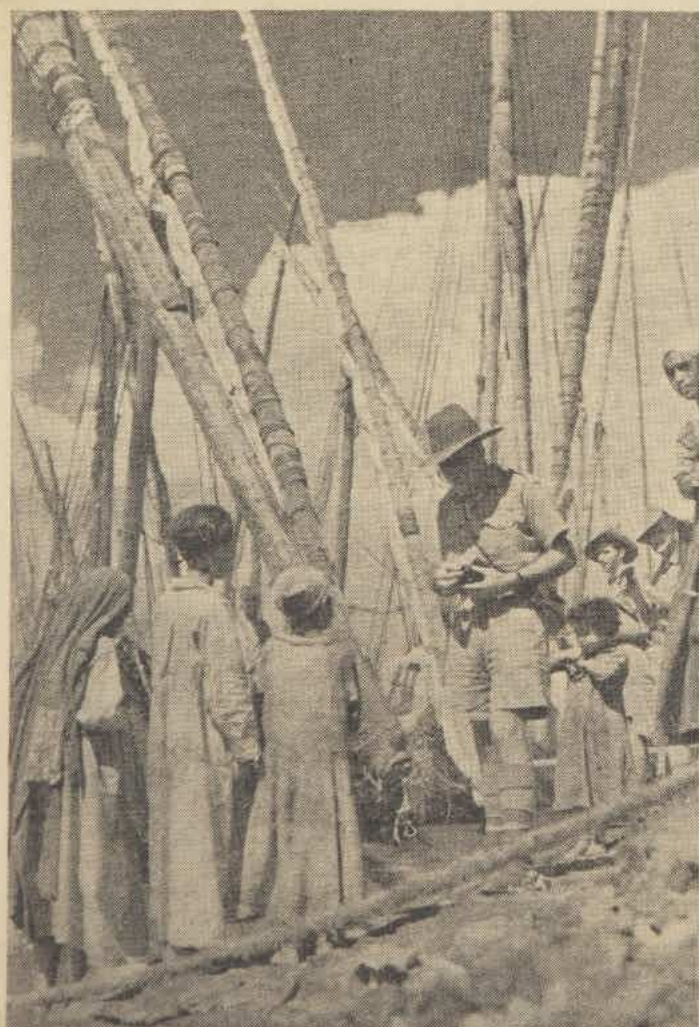
# DIGGER IS KING OF THE KIDS EVERYWHERE



"HELLO, JO." One of the A.I.F. in Malaya pauses at the door of a mosque to respond to now familiar friendly hail.



ON GAZA BEACH. Three A.I.F. men, Phil Sceats (left), Ben Dole, — Tottenham, shop from a convincing young Arab pedlar. Wherever the A.I.F. goes, Diggers become friends with local young fry.



"STAND QUITE STILL." It's typical of the Aussie soldier that, with all the glories of the old Nile to snap, he's more interested in dusky youngsters.



SERGEANT HUXLEY, of A.I.F. hospital, has a customer among local Arabs.



ARAB BOY'S FINGER attended by "Dixie" Willis, of A.I.F. medical unit.



ALMOST BIBLICAL is this snapshot of Arab with some of his flock of sheep.



THIS LITTLE CHAP brought his sister for eye treatment to A.I.F. medicos.



## Two Feet From Heaven

Continued from page 10

COOLLY, calmly, and almost slowly, Corkey the Coke closed the bedroom door, looked it on the inside, and stepped lightly across to the window.

Yes, there was the other flat at the bottom of the ladder. Where was Chink Gotti? The little yellow swine must have done a scarpier without giving him a warning.

It must have been young Iler who had whistled in the house. Had he just gone down to open the back door? If so, why had he looked the bedroom door? Attend to that later, for the fool flat was actually coming up the ladder. Splendid. Half-way up would do nicely.

And when Constable Hogen was almost half-way up the ladder, Corkey jumped straight on to him.

Landing at the bottom of the ladder with the unfortunate constable beneath him, Corkey laughed, sprang to his feet, dashed into the shadows of the shrubbery and disappeared.

By the time Sergeant Hollis had broken down the bedroom door and descended the ladder, Corkey had reached his hidden car, started up the engine, and was well away.

He reflected that, though he was not an unkind man, and never rough or cruel, he would, at some future date, take young Iler by his left ear, and Chink Gotti by his right ear, and hammer their heads together until their brains were well and truly mingled. For once, he would be messy.

Meanwhile, Iler's first and natural thought and impulse was immediate and distant flight.

But, no. On second thoughts, why should 'e? 'E 'adn't done nothin' 'E'd opened no door. On the contrary, 'e'd locked one, and closed and fastened the window, too. 'E'd done 'is duty by Rosemary and her home and family.

On the other hand, 'e 'adn't squealed. On the contrary, when in the very 'ands of the police, 'e'd given a warning whistle that to any criminal slum-dweller or Wide Boy could mean but one thing.

Well, whatever happened, there'd been no burglary, anyway. But wouldn't it be just 'is perishin' luck if both sides turned on 'im? The family and the police because 'e 'adn't squealed. Corkey and Chink Gotti because 'e 'adn't opened the door.

Anyway, 'e wasn't one to bunk on either account. After all, what each side grumbled about, the other side should praise 'im for, surely? Just 'is rotten luck that the cops had butted in, and that 'e'd come out of the front door just at the wrong minute.

Wot 'e bin goin' to do was to make an awful bang with the front door to frighten Corkey and Chink, and then go round to the shrubbery at the back and make a noise like a police whistle. 'E'd 'ad started to do directly 'e'd 'eard the ladder scrape 'is window-sill. 'Ow was 'e to know the cops were there?

And cripes! That was a nasty thought! 'Owd 'e ever persuade Corkey and Chink that it wasn't 'im 'oo'd tipped-off the cops?

Well, 'e wasn't goin' to bunk. 'E'd tell Rosemary as much as 'e could without splittin' on Corkey and Chink, and she'd 'ave to believe 'im. She would believe 'im, of course.

No, 'e wouldn't do a scarpier until Rosemary rounded on 'im, and that would be never.

'Ow explain to the cops and 'Oly

Joe why 'e was goin' out of the 'ouse at that time of night, if 'e didn't know nothin' about no burglary? Well, 'e'd tell the truth again—the truth they were so bloomin' fond of—and say 'e often got up and went out and mucked about in the middle of the night. Wot else was there to do in a perishin' 'ole like Little Puddin'?

Boy, like man, proposes, and a not-always-kindly Fate disposes.

"Now, then, Master Richard Garden, me lad," said Sergeant Hollis, and produced his notebook and a portentous frown. "Now, then, I want all the facts outer you."

"So spill the beans and come clean," he added, giving his pencil an emollient lick.

"Wot about?" asked Iler, glancing round the austere library and moistening dry lips. 'Ere was a griffin drummer of real life in the underworld—the tough guy and the smart-aleck cop.

Sergeant Hollis eyed the boy long and searchingly.

"Ever 'eard of the birch?" he inquired conversationally.

"No," replied Iler. "Ever 'eard of a cop gettin' a walk-out powder through threatenin' innocent people and gettin' statements from them under false pretences and brutal . . ."

"That'll be enough outer you, me lad, I'll do the questioning," interrupted Sergeant Hollis. "Do you know a man named Corkey the Coke?"

"Lor Mayor o' Lunnon, ain't he?" inquired Iler. "Yes. Not to say know 'im, that is."

Sergeant Hollis glanced at the vicar as one who needs sympathy.

"No, he ain't the Lor Mayor o' Lunnon," he said patiently.

"My mistake," admitted Iler.

"Would 'e be 'Ome Secretary?"

"Wot? The gentleman that sends young criminals to Borsal or prison?" inquired the sergeant. "No, Corkey the Coke ain't 'Ome Secretary, but the 'Ome Secretary might sign something for 'im some day."

"Now, then," he snapped, with a change of voice. "When did you last see . . ."

"Me aunt?" asked Iler. "The man known as Corkey the Coke?"

Iler obviously racked his memory.

"Last Lor Mayor's Show day."

Sergeant Hollis closed his notebook with a snap, rose suddenly to his feet, and stepped toward Iler in an undeniably menacing manner. A large and heavy hand rose swiftly—and scratched its owner's head.

"Would you like to come down to the station with me, all nice and quiet? Have a little talk with me in a cell there, instead of 'ere?" he inquired.

"Wot's the charge?" asked Iler. "Look 'ere, son, you're in an awkward spot, and if you've got sense you can get out of it . . . If not, you know wot the charge'll be, all right. It was an inside job, and you was on the inside."

"Was that where you copped me?" inquired Iler.

"We'll come to that, later," replied the sergeant. "Like you'll come to Borsal or Wormwood Scrubs. Now then. You been seen about 'ere with an older lad . . ."

"Do you mean the vicker?"

" . . . an older lad they call Chink. When did you see 'im last?" "About a minute ago," replied Iler. "E went past the window."

"E did, did 'e?" "Well, I may've been mistook. Wot's 'e like?"

"Now, look 'ere. Just to oblige the vicar, I'll give you another chance . . . You ever 'ad a word with a lad who's been to an approved school? Ever 'ad a talk with a boy who's been birched?"

"No. 'Ave you? I don't associate with that sort," replied Iler.

The sergeant eyed Iler long and thoughtfully. His head may have itched again, for he scratched it; but undeniably his fingers did.

"I wish you was my own boy—just for five minutes," he said, and there was a note of earnestness, if not of paternal affection, in his voice.

"Wot 'ave I done to deserve that?" inquired Iler.

The sergeant reverted to the cold and formal manner of officialdom.

"As I said, I'll give you a last chance, young Richard Garden. If



"Shift over, Mug!"

you tell me, fully and truthfully, all about this affair—oo it was put you up to opening the front door; where the man they call Corkey the Coke 'as got a 'ide-out; where the boy they call Chink is; and 'oo was going to fence the sparklers, it just may be—just may be, I say—that I'll do as 'is Reverence says, and leave you 'ere in 'is 'ands—until you're wanted for evidence, that is."

"Now then. What do you know about Corkey the Coke?"

"I know 'e ain't Lor Mayor o' Lunnon," admitted Iler promptly.

"Ho! And wot's the surname of the boy the others call Chink?"

"Featherstonehaugh," replied Iler. That was a fine name he had once seen over a shop and greatly admired.

"Ho! It is, is it? And was it 'im got you into all this mess? Going to get you a birching—and land you in quod?"

"Not while there's police to protect me, I 'ope," replied Iler.

"Now then. I'm going to write something in this 'ere book," announced the sergeant.

"You can draw something, too, if you like," replied Iler.

"I'm going to write your answer to this question, so be careful wot you say, for it'll be used in evidence against you."

"Did you open the front door of this 'ouse to admit anybody on the night of the first?"

"No. Write it down, and there ain't any k in it."

"Do you know the names of either of the two people 'oo made burglarious entry on the night of the first?" Sergeant Hollis continued.

"Yus. You told me them. Write all that."

"Do you refuse to give any information about wot 'appened on the night of the first?"

"No."

"Good. Seen sense at last, 'ave you? About time, too! Now, then. Out with it, and don't talk too fast."

Iler folded his arms across his meagre chest.

"On the night of the first prox." he began, in a toneless and monotonous recitative, "I was awakened at or about two a.m. in the morning by a sound outside the 'ouse. It seemed to come from beneath my window. 'Wot was that?' said I, feelin' nervous and alarmed. I listened 'ard. It came again. It was our old tom-cat! 'Pore feller,' thinks I, 'e wants to come in' . . . "Gettin' outer bed, I dressed 'astly, went downstairs, opened the front door, and, be'old, it wasn't the cat tryin' to get in, but a copper! 'Wot 'is business mighta been at that time of night . . ."

Sergeant Hollis rose to his feet. "I'll settle your business later, me lad," he said, quietly. "When you'll 'ave plenty of time to think up more funny things to say to the next policeman that arrests you."

"Aw! I don't need no time for that," replied Iler.

"Well, sir, if you'll undertake to see 'e don't run away, I'll leave 'im 'ere with you; but suppose we make an arrest, we'll want 'im," said the sergeant to the Reverend Richard Neystoke.

"He won't run away," the vicar assured him. "I've talked the matter over with my wife, who, by the way, still believes in the boy. And I've sent for his mother; she may be able to influence him to tell all he knows."

"Mind you," he added, "I don't want him to get into serious trouble. And, if you don't catch the burglars, I'm not going to prosecute him, or anything like that. We've no proof, you know."

Sergeant Hollis smiled and shook his head sadly.

"Proof, sir? 'Im undoing the front door, while they comes in through 'is bedroom window!"

"Yes, but why do that?"

"A get-away, sir. Any burglar who knows 'is job thinks of the way out, as well as the way in. Might not be able to use it, of course, but it doubles 'is chances of escape, if 'e's disturbed. In at the front door and out at the back, or versey the vicer."

"Yersee," he added, "plain enough. This young rogue Richard Garden lets them in when they taps at 'is window, and goes straight down and opens the front door for them to escape by. If I 'adn't pinched 'im, 'is job would've been to go back and watch from the window and give 'em a whistle—which 'e did—if anybody come along."

The vicar sighed.

"Looks like it, and you know best, Sergeant. The boy swears that he didn't admit them, and that he was just going out for a walk."

"Sure," smiled Sergeant Hollis. "At two o'clock in the morning!"

"Well, he clings to the story," continued the vicar, "and I must confess that my wife believes him absolutely."

"Ar! The ladies!" said the sergeant kindly. "Well, sir, we'll do wot we can, and no doubt we'll nab 'em. Nothin' missin', luckily."

"No," he added to himself, as he went down the drive. "But that young devil they call Iler will be missing before long. I'll lay, if they don't watch it. Probably lead us to 'em, though, by bunkin' back to London," he reflected, brightening up.

THE train wandered gently into Swintonford station, came wearily to a stop and sighed deeply.

A neatly-dressed woman, who looked about forty-five years of age but who was not as old as she looked by some ten years, straightened her battered black straw hat, drew her shawl closer about her shoulders, smoothed down her clean white apron, picked up her basket from the seat, opened the door of the carriage, and stepped down to the empty sun-drenched platform.

"How can I get from here to Little Pudding?" she asked of the bucolic porter.

"Walk," succinctly replied the man, observing that she was of his own class.

"Thank you," replied the woman politely. "Could you tell me how far it is?"

"Three good long miles," replied the man.

"Thank you," said the woman, and walked out of the station.

What sort of scrape could young Dick have been getting into? she wondered. He was a good boy, even if he were a bit mischievous, and a good boy to his old woman, as he called her. It could not be anything serious. He'd been knocking off a few apples, or something.

On the other hand they would hardly have sent for her if it had not been something rather bad. Wouldn't be a police job, surely? Never been in police trouble yet, even if he had been born in prison, poor little chap.

It was a shame.

He'd been a better son to her than she'd been a mother to him. Been fair dragged up, he had, running the streets night and day, and in bad company, too. But what more could she do for him when he was a kid than get him food and some rags of clothes, and keep some kind of a roof over his head—when to do that she'd had to get up and go out at four o'clock in the morning to be at Covent Garden in time; and was out all day till it was dark?

How could she see that he went to school? And how could she look after him properly when he turned thirteen, and began to scratch for himself?

But it wouldn't be police trouble—not for young Dickie, even if he did belong to a "gang" of other boys.

Heaven grant it wasn't the police, for she never wanted to be spoken to by a policeman again, as long as she lived; and if they took poor Dickie and shut him up—as they had done her—she'd go mad. She knew what it was. It would be the death of her.

Too fond of making jobs, the police were, as Bill always said. They had got to earn their living, like other people—but a little chap like Dickie! Couldn't they just warm his young ear and let him go?

Oh, well! It was no good meeting trouble half-way. Perhaps there wasn't any trouble at all. And if there was any she'd just get him away and hide him—unless the police had got him already.

But of course they hadn't.

What a long way three miles was . . .

To be concluded

**BIG VICTORY**

against insect pests!

Flit is sure death to insects because it is a combination of potent killing agents which cannot be exceeded. Flit has five tests and is of known definite killing power. That's why you should always insist on Flit—and refuse all substitutes. Flit spray will not stain, and is harmless to humans. Be sure the soldier is on the bottle.

**FLIT**

**ALWAYS KILLS**

Kills Fleas, Mosquitoes, Cockroaches, Beetles, and Bugs.

Not while there's police to protect me, I 'ope," replied Iler.

"Now then. I'm going to write something in this 'ere book," announced the sergeant.

"You can draw something, too, if you like," replied Iler.

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"No."

"Good. Seen sense at last, 'ave you? About time, too! Now, then. Out with it, and don't talk too fast."

Iler folded his arms across his meagre chest.

**ODO-RO-NO**

Ends Perspiration

Everyone else notices underarm perspiration if you carry it, why not you? Because one's own nostrils soon become used to an odour clinging to one's self. Be sure you are free from this horrible, yes, I mean horrible, offense to others. Use Odo-ro-no, the real anti-perspirant which safely stops perspiration in the underarm.

Two kinds: "Regular" the surest; "Instant" for more sensitive skin.

1/1, 2/1 and 3/8



# A RATION OF FUN



"You said you understood the Arab lingo, yet you don't know what that Arab is saying."  
"Cripes, how could I understand it? That old cove hasn't got a tooth in his head—he's only talking gum-Arabic."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"You can't make anything but a right-hand turn at this corner."  
"But, Officer, I'm left-handed."



MEDICAL OFFICER: Ever had any organic trouble?  
RECRUIT: No, sir, I'm not a bit musical.



"I think your form is simply wonderful."  
"Yes, but I diet very carefully to keep it that way."



"I want to see the lady of the house."  
"I am the lady."  
"Well, er, I've changed my mind."

## A CHILD TO BE PROUD OF!



HURRY UP  
JILL—THE  
GAME'S JUST  
STARTING!

Keen on games . . . clever at school . . . full of life. Always happy . . . thanks to Eno's "Fruit Salt." Eno allows no poisons to get into her system and make her slack and miserable. Give Eno to your children. It contains no harsh purgative mineral salts . . . nothing to do the slightest harm. And how the children love a bubbling, sparkling glass of Eno! 2/4 and 3/11 at chemists, stores and canteens.

# ENO'S FRUIT SALT

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

## BRAINWAVES

• A price of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DOCTOR: To be quite candid, your trouble is laziness.  
Patient: Yes, doctor, but what is the scientific name for it? I've got to tell my wife.

"I'm a little stiff from polo," said the young man excusing himself for treading on his partner's feet.  
"I don't care where you come from," replied the sophisticated blonde, "but don't tread on my shoes."

CAPTAIN: Sergeant, don't you know you're exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy three hundred yards away?  
Sergeant: Yes, sir, but I'm standing behind an imaginary rock ten feet high.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.  
"Make any difference in the cost?" inquired the cautious customer.  
"No, sir."  
"Then cook them on top of a slice of ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.

FATHER: Well, what do you want?  
Be short!  
Son: I will, I am.

## When a Gale Blows



ANY old gingham will do in a light shower, but it takes a strong umbrella to give protection in a gale.

It is much the same with Life Assurance. A small policy may seem enough protection in fair times but, when trouble comes, a man needs adequate protection: enough A.M.P. policies with which to weather any financial storm.

Through the A.M.P. you can protect your family and yourself against the financial risks of life and death, but the extent of that protection must be decided by you.

When you decide on the extent the Society will not fail you, or your family, in whatever storm may blow your way.

The A.M.P. policies Preserve homes and home life, Feed and clothe widows and children, Help young people to go to universities, Help young couples to marry, and Provide cash in emergencies.

Tell the Society's nearest office that you want to learn how it can protect you and yours.

There's a book, "Peace of Mind," that you ought to read. A copy gladly sent free, on request.

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

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# An Editorial

NOVEMBER 22, 1941.

## EVE OF BIG ADVENTURE



ALL over Australia at this season boys and girls are sitting for examinations. Beyond the immediate excitement of earnestly written papers on the character of Hamlet or the history of the Reform Bills there looms the great world of jobs.

This year parents will not have to worry whether Johnny or Isabel will find a job.

As the pulse of industry quickened with war fever, and as men threw aside their jobs to join the fight, the demand for boys and girls grew far in excess of the supply.

But if the old danger of unemployment is eliminated, another has taken its place.

It would be a pity if the rush for immediate money takes from youngsters the chance to learn trades and crafts which will ensure them regular employment all their lives.

We have the lesson of the dreary wastes of those depression years behind us in this. A whole generation came out of school to find the workshops and business houses closed against them. There was not enough work for skilled men. Many of these boys had little regular employment in years.

Then, when war came, in Australia's ranks of skilled men were many blanks.

Now, for a completely opposite reason, another generation might miss its training if parents allow their boys and girls to take dead-end jobs that offer more money than does apprenticeship to skilled trades.

However sorely the extra shillings are needed now they will be badly earned at the expense of the boy's future.

The employer has a duty, too. He must own a conscience as regards his staff. He must care for the advancement of his juniors.

Only by economic planning can post-war chaos be avoided, and the proper placing of a new generation of workers is part of such planning.

—THE EDITOR.

# Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Private J. R. Greaves, now in hospital recovering from effects of escape from Nazi prison camp, to relatives in Sydney:

"SIXTY-EIGHT days a prisoner of war! I was captured in Greece on April 19. It was a life of humility and unbelievable hell. Ten men to a loaf of bread per day with a bit of lentil soup for dinner and tea.

"On that we had to get up at 4.30 a.m., breakfast—two small spuds. In the day we had to work, loading looted goods on trains for Germany, sweeping streets, looking after horses and stables.

"Lentil soup only for midday meal, and at 7.30 p.m. two spuds or lentil soup.

"Five prisoners died of starvation.

"I managed to get civvies, map, and compass from outside.

"On June 25 we entrained for Germany and travelled in cattle trucks with a hole, about a foot from the carriage roof, for ventilation.

"At 4 a.m. (we were in Yugoslavia by then) I got through the ventilator, sat between the buffers, and leaped into a ditch while the train was going uphill.

"My mate, Tom, followed me.

"I was fired on, but lay still as a log. We got into a swamp to throw Jerry off our trail.

"Then, 45 days on foot, up hill, down dale, through swamps and rivers, in scorching sun and torrential rain.

"We got great help from the Greeks—food, clothing, money, and aid. And they well knew we had £50 on our heads as escaped prisoners of war.

"I can't name the towns or places we passed through. There are the Greeks to think of, and also some of our lads might use the same route.

"Anyway, yesterday we arrived back in Egypt."

Private W. Flowers in Malaya to his mother at 11 Winkurra St., Kensington, N.S.W.:

"I WAS walking along the road near camp when some people in a car pulled up and asked me would I like a lift.

"They turned out to be two Scots people. Mr. and Mrs. Murchison. I got talking to them and they invited me out to their home.

"Their home is on a rubber plantation. It is the most beautiful home I have ever been in. I had my own special servant and the food was a treat. The servant would come around to each person and you would have to serve yourself.

"Everything was delicious, the table appointments fine.

"I was left on my own in the house sometimes and they told me to have anything I liked. So I would ring for the servant and say:

"'Amah, a drink, please,' and she would bring me in an icy cold drink.

"There are 1200 coolies working on the plantation. I played tennis and swam.

"But it all had to come to an end and off I went back to camp, thinking what great people the Murchisons are.

"By the way, Mum, Mrs. Murchison is going to write to you. She is a grand lady."

## Winnie the War Winner



"Yes, I caught this on a number two gut line, General."

An R.A.A.F. corporal in Malaya to M. Fordham, 11 Fakenham Rd., Ashburton, Vic.:

"YOU asked about Government House. Well, it was wonderful. All the 'cream' of society there, and some of the 'sour milk'.

"The two ballrooms were lit by huge chandeliers, and banked with ferns and tropical plants. Huge bowls of orchids were everywhere.

"The scene from the balcony was one of splendor. Scottish kilts, bright mess jackets of the various English regiments, intermingled with the cool white suits of the civilians and gorgeous frocks of the women.

"The servants were Indians, bare-footed, who wore long scarlet coats with a heavy gold cord round their waists and scarlet pants with gold braid. On their heads they wore three-cornered hats of scarlet and gold. The whole scene was of Arabian Nights splendor."

Sergeant Hartley (R.A.A.F.) in England to his wife at Penkivil St., Bondi, N.S.W.:

"YESTERDAY afternoon we went on a trip to the Roman Baths, and on our way saw Queen Mary!

"I grabbed the camera and rushed over to where she stood.

"She looked at us and said: 'Why! Australians! How lovely!'

"We asked her to pose for a photograph, which she did willingly. She was also taken in a group with us.

"She is a beautiful old lady, and reminds one of delicate Dresden china.

"You can imagine our excitement at seeing her."

A gunner in the Middle East to his sister at McLaren Vale, S.A.:

"OUR dog Barce presented us with a couple of pups.

"We have had Barce since we were in the town of that name in Libya, and she went right through Greece and Crete with us.

"We have had some strange pets, including Myrtle, a fowl we collected in Greece. Myrtle slept each night in one of the gun tractors and when the guns were in action she would peck around her particular gun taking absolutely no notice of the noise.

"She even laid an egg each morning for the gun crew, but alas, poor hen, she did not survive the evacuation.

"The same troop now has a pigeon which comes to meals three times a day, always on the head of one or other of the chaps.

"She then sits on the table and has her feed and drink of tea. She likes to be stroked and made a fuss of.

"She made history by arriving late at a regimental parade and taking her place on the head of one of her troop.

"The remarkable thing is that she never goes to the wrong troop."

Private Thornton in Egypt to his wife at Lawrence, Clarence River, N.S.W.:

"WENT into Cairo last night and saw 'Forty Thousand Horsemen'.

"A Tommy, sitting beside me, told me he was employed in sound production for the talkies before the war, and that he and his unit went to make a travelogue.

"Do you know," he asked me, 'that in the south-eastern corner of Australia the people wear skins and live in hovels on the seashore? I saw them being filmed.'

"I grinned to myself in the dark, and said: 'I can't talk much about the south-east, but in the north-eastern corner, where I come from, there are still cannibals!'"

Pte. B. C. Waldock after the Syrian Campaign to his sister, Mrs. A. Swinscoe, Pilerwa, Gayndah Line, Qld.:

"WELL, Phyllis, I am pleased to say I am still alive.

"We attacked a big city at dawn and got right into it without a noise, when all of a sudden from out of the big buildings rolled tanks and machine-guns.

"I had a Bren gun, but that was no match for machine-guns.

"They surrounded us, and I was taken prisoner.

"When I had time to look around I found I had two bullet holes in my pack on my back, four in my trousers, and the heel of my boot blown off, but I didn't get a scratch.

"The French treated us all right until they got drunk. Then they wanted to shoot me. But I had an old black corporal guarding me, and he wouldn't let them touch me.

"Every night they handcuffed me and chained me to a tree. Then, after a while, they took me twenty miles by train into an internment camp.

"I spent a month there. Then one day the navy steamed up the coast and told the French to hand over or have their town blown to pieces.

"They handed over, and I am now in a convalescent camp, trying to make up a bit of the weight I lost."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP





# Russian Joan of Arc inspires Soviet women

## Deeds of heroism follow peasant girl's martyrdom

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England.

When the Nazis stained a Russian dawn with the blood of Varvara Semyonovna Kozolova, they did more than execute just another brave peasant girl, ready to die for her country.

For that morning an inspiration was born, an example was set that united the women of Russia in an even more fervent, more resolute battle against the massacring hordes of the crooked cross.

THE world has named Varvara Russia's Joan of Arc, for the Russian peasant, like the French one centuries ago, chose death deliberately rather than deny her faith.

Varvara brought on her head the savagery of the Nazis when, instead of making a carefully prepared speech of welcome to conquering German officers, she made a clarion call to her own people to "kill Germans wherever you find them."

When Varvara fell before the Nazi firing squad next dawn, there echoed down the centuries the awestruck words of an English soldier who saw Joan of Arc die at the stake.

"They have burnt a saint," he cried in fear.

German soldiers might have cried



out in fear for what they did that dawn.

In the hearts of the women of Russia there stirred anew the sublime fervor of selfless devotion and willing sacrifice.

In speaking her own death sentence Varvara became a sacred symbol of every Russian woman's aim—to drive the Nazis out of their country.

Every day stories reach London of how Russian women are fulfilling their Joan of Arc's plea.

In one village they hid the cattle when the village was captured, and when cross-questioned by the Nazis refused to speak.

Then Katja Shemerova, thinking



TWO Russian members of a field ambulance unit on the Leningrad front. These are the women inspired to new effort by the death of Russia's "Joan."

monstrous atrocities, murdering innocents and torturing peasants, such women as Ivanova, who was shot for refusing to thresh grain for the Germans, follow the example of Russia's Joan of Arc, who died for inciting her countrywomen to fight on.

These were her immortal words: "Comrades, members of the collective farms! Listen! Do nothing to help the Germans. Help the Red Army to kill Germans wherever you find them."

quickly, saw a way to double cross and capture the captors.

She volunteered to lead the Nazis to where the cattle were pastured.

They followed to their deaths, for guerrilla bands were waiting in the meadows, and though Katja herself was killed, not one of those Nazis rejoined his unit.

Near Poltava, Marie Sibmetalova, 20-year-old Ukrainian, killed four German officers.

Member of a local guerrilla detachment, Marie's chance came when Fascist staff officers set up their headquarters close to her home.

Approaching the house, she threw a hand grenade in the window, killing the officers. The rest of the guerrillas finished the job.

Even the children of Russia are imbued with this spirit to save their country, and two youngsters of ten and twelve stretched a barbed wire across the road leading to a Nazi-occupied village on the southern front.

A detachment of Fascist motor cyclists failed to notice the wire in the dark. They crashed and five were killed.

Behind the guerrillas there are in Soviet factories such women as Tikhonova, who increased her output by 200 per cent.

Sometimes she works the clock around.

### Team leaders

ANNA LVOVNA OZERSKAYA, too, is outstanding in industry, knowing arms to be the guarantee of victory.

She's manager of a tool-making department, and has reorganised the work, replacing manpower with women.

In Moscow, Valentina Lvovskaya, graduate of engineering, never leaves the workshop for days on end, resulting in schedules being doubled, and even trebled.

She has devoted girl team-leaders, and she's their model.

Soviet girls are sailing ships across the Gulf of Finland under enemy artillery and mortar fire to keep up supplies from the factories for front line troops.

Captain Proichenkin pays tribute to a member of his tugboat crew, sailor girl Karablova, who never flinches.

They sail night after night without lights against tremendous odds to deliver the goods.

The "little ships," living up to the traditions of the little ships of Dunkirk, carry on under heavy fire, with girls filling in and every job from bridge to stokehold.

A woman surgeon assuming command of two horse-drawn convoys of food got them safely through the German lines when they were cut off from their unit.

She gathered a small group of Red Army men, leading them in a sur-

prise attack which forced the enemy to open his ranks.

During the fighting, a whole German infantry unit was wiped out, and convoys—one of which consisted of 38 loaded cars—caught up with a Soviet unit.

Thus, as Nazi bandits perpetuate

Dramatic Exposure of the Fifth Column

## "SPY EXCHANGE"

### Sabotage . . . Espionage and Counter-Espionage

Starring Brilliant American Star, JACK ARTHUR

# 2GB

Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.  
1 p.m.

Christmas is Coming . . .

## FAIRY JINGLE BELL

is back again  
to entertain the  
children with  
Stories of Xmas

# 2GB

Mon. Wed. Fri. 5.50 p.m.



The New Ivory-White Moulded Container for

## Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE 1/6 SIZE

Good news for housewives who watch the pennies! Your favourite dentifrice now in an elegant, long-lasting container. Now—instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice you buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d, whenever you make a purchase!

Gibbs saves your money as well as teeth

But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size lasts the average person 216 days—weeks longer than any other dentifrice! It's a sure protection against decay. At all chemists and stores.

Large Moulded Container, 1/6 Large Refills, 1/3

C1-14-36



# Beauty Recipe

famous for 30 years



A Time-tested and Proved Recipe for a Flawless Complexion

To make the darkest, roughest skin soft, clear and velvety-smooth—to end blackheads, enlarged pores and other skin defects—try this recipe. Mix one ounce of pure cream of milk (pre-digested) with one ounce of olive oil. You can have it prepared by your chemist, but making a small quantity is expensive. You can get it cheaply—already prepared in Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) non-greasy. This actually contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil combined with other valuable nourishing and tonic ingredients scientifically blended in correct proportions. Crème Tokalon restores youthful freshness to the skin in a most amazing way. One woman writes: "After only 3 days' use of Crème Tokalon my skin became so clear, so fresh, so lovely, I could hardly believe my eyes." Try Crème Tokalon (Vanishing), non-greasy, the time-tested and proved recipe for a flawless complexion. Successful results guaranteed with Crème Tokalon or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.



## DANGER SURFER'S FOOT

Beware of this crippling infection. It thrives when feet are hot, moist, steamy. Look between your toes at night and at first sign of soreness or white, dead skin, apply IODEX. It quickly kills the fungus-like germs that cause red raw, crippling sores. A Specialist says 6 out of 10 are infected. Be safe—use IODEX. Worldwide authorities use and recommend IODEX. In stubborn cases see your doctor.



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★★ MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE (Week's Best Release)

Ronald Colman, Anna Lee. (RKO.)

THE charm of Ronald Colman, some quaint comedy touches, and a diverting mode of presentation make this film worth while.

It's a sophisticated, fluffy tale about a husband's attempts to prevent his frivolous, romantic wife from eloping with various admirers, in particular with a South American playboy, Gilbert Roland, and a sculptor, Reginald Gardiner.

But why she should want to desert Colman, more handsome than ever as the husband, is something I for one cannot understand.

The film drags quite a deal in spots, and the acting, deliberately casual, is not particularly convincing.

However, Colman and blonde English actress Anna Lee, who makes her Hollywood debut as the wife, suit their roles well. Charles Winninger, handicapped by flat dialogue, is amusing only occasionally. Hugh O'Connell, as the bewildered butler, gets the laughs.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★★ ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY

Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley. (RKO.)

THIS curious film comes from Stephen Vincent Benet's famous American short story, "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Mr. Benet wrote of a New England farmer in the 1840's, who sold his soul to the devil but who was redeemed by the golden tongue of statesman Daniel Webster.

RKO and director William Dieterle have elaborated Mr. Benet's story considerably. The farmer is a young man, James Craig, whose gentle wife,

Anne Shirley, and mother-in-law, Jane Darwell, are further confounded when an imp of Satan, in the alluring person of Simone Simon, comes into their household. Helpless, they watch the farmer grow in prosperity and evil, until Mr. Webster's aid is called in.

Shorn of Benet's great prose, the tale in screen form is an obvious morality play, given a fascination for the eye by the earthy farm settings and the trick photography. Among the pedestrian acting only one performance, that of Walter Huston, as the devil, catches the authentic brilliance, Edward Arnold's Daniel Webster scores only in the jury speech. Above average as a technical production, the film has a very limited entertainment appeal.—Century; showing.

## ★★ HER FIRST BEAU

Jane Withers, Jackie Cooper. (Columbia.)

ADVENTURES of late teen-age youngsters make the theme for this charming, unaffected comedy.

Jane Withers is romantic Sweet Sixteen, who gets a violent attack of puppy-love for Varsity lad Kenneth Howell, to the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper.

There's a genuine homy atmosphere about this film, and it's sprinkled liberally with laughs. You'll enjoy seeing the smitten Janie in strapples evening gown and with incongruously sophisticated hair-do. Jane is at her most zesty and likeable. Jackie Cooper, as the serious youth immersed in building a sail-plane, gives a solid performance.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

## ★ BAD MEN OF MISSOURI

Dennis Morgan, Jane Wyman. (Warners.)

HERE'S another film glorifying the exploits of a post-Civil War band of desperadoes in Missouri, and it

# Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

follows along much the same lines as the Jesse James film.

This one is concerned with the Younger Brothers, in actual fact a villainous trio, but whitewashed in the film.

The action offers plenty of riding, hold-ups, and ambushes, so why worry about the blatant improbabilities?

Dennis Morgan, Wayne Morris, and Arthur Kennedy play the three outlaws competently, with Morgan singing one song.

Blonde Jane Wyman scores as Kennedy's girl-friend.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Fantasia. Walt Disney feature. Brilliant, controversial new entertainment.—Embassy; 14th week.

★★★ Tom, Dick, and Harry. Ginger Rogers, Burgess Meredith in enchanting comedy.—Regent; 2nd week.

★ A Woman's Face. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas in intriguing melodrama.—Liberty; 7th week.

★★ Hold Back the Dawn. Charles Boyer, Olivia de Havilland in absorbing comedy-drama.—Prince Edward; 4th week.

★★ When Ladies Meet. Greer Garson, Joan Crawford in enjoyable worldly drama.—St. James; 3rd week.

★★ Caught in the Draft. Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour in rollicking army comedy.—State; 3rd week.

★★ Chad Hanna. Dorothy Lamour, Henry Fonda in period drama in glorious color.—Plaza; 2nd week.

# Here's hot news from all the studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara Bourchier, our special representative

RONALD COLMAN, his English actress wife, Benita Hume, and star Miriam Hopkins have left by plane for Canada, where they will take part in the big War Loan drive.

ROSEMARY LANE, who is playing a film star in the new hit musical, "Best Foot Forward," on Broadway—and who has been making a grand success of the part—broke her rib during one of the rough-and-tumble scenes on stage and has had to withdraw temporarily from the cast.

DRASTIC though it was, the attempted suicide of young singer Douglas McPhail, which I reported last week, is likely to be the cause of a reconciliation between Douglas and his young wife (actress Betty Jaynes), who brought a suit against him for divorce.

AS a flu epidemic hits the studios, flying low Elisabeth Bergner, Gene Tierney, Carol Landis, Martha Raye, John Payne, and Roddy McDowell—to name only a few—many important productions are being delayed.

STAR Ida Lupino and author Louis Bromfield are delighted with the success of their "V for Victory" Dance which they organized at Ciro's and which was attended by 300 movie celebrities. The purpose was to raise funds to bring to America from imprisonment in French concentration camps forty-three noted European scientists, authors, and musicians.

THE pair who made "Fantasia," Walt Disney and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conductor Leopold Stokowski, are going into partnership again. They intend making a whole new series of musical cartoons.

JIMMY CAGNEY's real-life sister Jean becomes his screen sister, playing Josie Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Warners' biography which stars Jimmy as stage actor George M. Cohan.

RITA HAYWORTH, who is rapidly heading for the very top as a star, replaces Alice Faye in the musical, "My Gal Sal," playing opposite Don Ameche.

LUCILLE BALL and Desi Arnaz are flying to Cuba at Christmas time, where they will spend a week in the Presidential Palace as the guests of President Batista.

REMEMBER Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables"? Fox head Darryl Zanuck is planning a modern background version of the famous Dumas tale, with Laird Cregar playing a present-day Valjean.

GENE TIERNEY's husband, Count Oleg Cassini, who is French by birth, has announced he will become an American citizen.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has at last decided what his next picture will be—a comedy-murder tale!

MARLENE DIETRICH formally unveiled her healed broken ankle yesterday—and disclosed she was wearing cotton stockings; Marlene's gesture is made for the purpose of boosting the Government campaign to cope with the silk shortage by making cotton stockings fashionable.

BROADWAY star Dorothy McGuire, ingenue heroine of Rose Franken's currently highly successful play, "Claudia," has been signed by David O. Selznick.

BRITISH actor Brian Aherne and his wife Joan Fontaine are considering the adoption of two English war orphans.

BUYING new homes has come into fashion again. Joan Crawford has acquired a farm in the east—in New England—where she will live with her adopted children when she is not working in pictures. Bill Powell and his wife, Diana Lewis, have purchased a winter home at the desert resort, Palm Springs.

BETTE DAVIS rings Minneapolis several times a day to get word of her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, who, though well out of danger, is still in hospital there. He won't be able to leave for another month.

JOAN BLONDELL and her two children have gone to New York to join dad Dick Powell, who is rehearsing for a Broadway play. They will be away at least six months. Joan is temporarily abandoning her film career—but she thinks it is more important to keep the family together.

THE Johnny Weissmullers (she was Beryl Scott) are expecting a second child. They already have one, a year-old boy.

CONGRATULATIONS are still pouring in to Bette Davis on being the first woman president of the Motion Picture Academy.

THOSE rumors that Lili Damita's divorce from Errol Flynn was going to be an "amicable" arrangement have proved untrue. Lili is charging Errol with extreme cruelty, which has caused her grievous mental and physical anguish. She is asking the court to grant her the custody of their baby son, Sean Errol, and a substantial property settlement.

IRISH Maureen O'Hara has received her first American citizenship papers.

YIELDING to protests that "Heller" was a hideous name, Mary Martin (wife of director Richard Halliday) has had their new baby daughter christened "Mary Heller"—which allows the child to be called "Mary," but still uses mother's first choice.

# TOUGH OLD COUGH



You can get to-day at any chemist or store a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardy cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more of that tough hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT



# End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, Etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble. The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, worn, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely. Yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles. 1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue. 2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 75 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back! Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 1/2, 5/4.

# This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

# Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



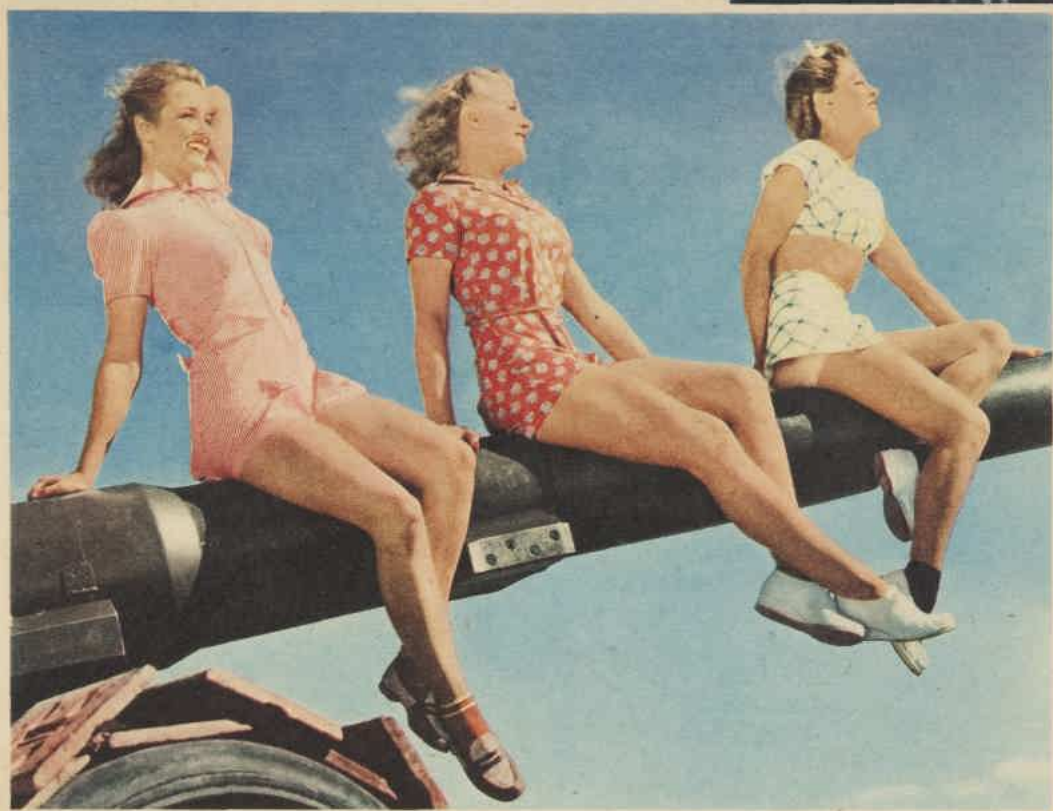
# The Movie World

November 22, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

17

## SUMMER CROP...



• Universal's Kathryn Adams, Evelyn Ankers and Anne Nagel, visiting Fort McArthur, enjoy sea breezes athwart coast artillery gun. (Above.)

+ + +

• Summer for Universal starlet Helen Parrish means sunbaking at Hollywood's private pools. (Right.)

+ + +

• Jane Frazee, former champion swimmer of Minnesota, now revels on California's golden beaches. (Below).





# FOUR who loved "LYDIA"



• Joseph Cotten (left), of United Artists' "Lydia," was in stage "Philadelphia Story" with Hepburn. Hans Yaray (right) comes from Europe.



• He was one of Tarleton twins in "Gone With the Wind," and his name is George Reeves. This is his make-up for "Lydia."

## THEIR STORIES WERE CAUGHT IN MIDDLE OF PREVIEW PARTY

From CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

TO walk into a Hollywood party with the object of interviewing not one but four handsome leading men is an exciting and hectic experience for any girl.

This happened to me after the preview of "Lydia," when film - producer Alexander Korda gave a party for his star-wife, Merle Oberon, and Alan Marshal, Joseph Cotten, George Reeves, and Hans Yaray—the gentlemen concerned.

The rest of the cast and all the usual Hollywood notables were there, too. But I was pursuing my four through the crush. I might as well say here and now that I never caught up properly with Hans Yaray.

This intriguing young European actor, who looks like a boyish Charles Boyer with just a dash of Leslie Howard thrown in, was

most cordial when we met. He had, however, to dash away to an out-of-town engagement.

"Hullo!" said Australian Alan Marshal, shaking me firmly by the hand. "You don't want to know any more about me, do you? I'll get you some coffee instead, shall I?"

I watched his broad figure shouldering towards the buffet, and noted how he was showered with congratulations. For "Lydia" has made Marshal a real star.

No, I didn't need to talk to Alan. For, just five minutes before, I had been given the authentic inside story of how, and why, he came to be in the cast of "Lydia" at all.

First, did you know that all the

time he had been in Hollywood Alan has suffered a double handicap? Much of the time on the screen he looks like Ronald Colman; the rest of the time he looks like Cary Grant. You might think his resemblance to be lucky for any actor. But who would use an imitation when Messrs. Grant and Colman are still available?

Alexander Korda insisted, however, on choosing Alan Marshal for "Lydia," and, when a fellow studio head remonstrated, answered him thus: "You tell me I can get a dozen actors who'd be just as good as Marshal. I tell you you're crazy. Marshal has something no one else has! We'll wait and see."

And wait Korda did, until this preview made Alan famous.

You have seen Cotten only once before on the screen, as Orson Welles' friend in "Citizen Kane."

Cotten has one of the most delightful voices and charming smiles that have hit this town in some time. This may account for the fact that our talk together was constantly interrupted by the party breaking in. In fact, Joseph had just time to tell me that he understudied Lynn Overman in the New York play "Dancing Partner" and Melvyn Douglas in "To-night or Never"—the original Broadway show—before he was whisked away.

"That leaves me," said George Reeves, gazing down from his six feet of height. "I'll give it to you straight, shall I? And then we can relax and have fun."

Waving a sandwich for emphasis, George rattled it off. He is 23 years old, was born in Kentucky, taken to Pasadena as a child, and at 17 years old joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

"I tried for years to get into films before a talent scout got me the part of one of the Tarleton twins in 'Gone With the Wind,' said George.

"I met Merle Oberon in 'Till We Meet Again,' and, although she denies it, I'm convinced that her recommendation to Mr. Korda was responsible for his asking to see my film tests, and then giving me this job in 'Lydia.'"

After that we did relax, and the party was great fun.



• Her four leading men all tell in Merle Oberon in "Lydia," a romantic drama by Korda. Whom do you think chose?



• Hollywood says that "Lydia" has given Alan Marshal new ranking as a star. On this page Christine Webb tells you how Alan got the chance to show his real talents.



## "You brute! only this morning I polished that floor!"

See what you're doing in the dark—carry an Eveready flashlight whenever you want to move around the house at night without turning on lights and waking the family. That strong beam of light makes those steep back stairs safe. No risk of walking into

spider webs on your way to the garage or out-house. When you can see—you're safe. Always insist on an Eveready flashlight—complete with batteries, 5/9d. The batteries are as important as the flashlight. Make sure your batteries are Eveready, too.

T24-41

A modern young miss, full of beauty and charm. Unfortunately met with a bull on a farm—  
— But a judicious sprint  
Saved a fall imminent—  
Preserving her "Twyn-Sylks" from harm!



100-10



# Careers wait for babies

By JOAN McLEOD  
in Hollywood

THIS year an unprecedented number of both established stars and comparative newcomers are taking time off to have families—while the studios nonchalantly plan film schedules ahead for their return.

At one time the news that a top-flight actress was retiring from the screen to become a mother made executives tear their hair and bitterly point out that the public might not like their favorite glamor girl in such a domestic real-life role.

But to-day, the studios, influenced no doubt by stars like Margaret Sullivan and Maureen O'Sullivan, who have had babies and successfully picked up their careers, look with a benign eye on their actress mothers-to-be.

"I won't be able to make 'My Gal, Sal,'" declared Alice Faye (Mrs. Phil Harris) a couple of months ago to producer Darryl Zanuck, and so broke the news that she was going to have a baby.

## Year off for Alice

THIS turn of events is costing the studio some thousands of pounds, as it has forced the postponement of three new pictures, which were being prepared for Alice.

But Zanuck rose to the occasion nobly, granted her 12 months' leave of absence, and, patting her shoulder as he ushered her out of his office, told her to run along, and forget all about pictures.

Sophisticated Constance Bennett, who married actor Gilbert Roland in April, recently announced she will leave the screen as soon as she finishes final scenes of her current Warners' film, "Wild Bill Hickok." She expects a baby about the same time as Alice.

Connie will probably live somewhere near Gilbert, who is now in an army camp, at a considerable distance from Hollywood.

Friends are thrilled at the news. Constance genuinely adores children, and during Gilbert's absence has spent much of her time with sister Joan's two children.

Attractive Mary Martin, wife of Dick Halliday, took motherhood very calmly, quietly retiring after making "Sullivan's Travels."

Shortly afterwards Paramount gave out the title of her next picture, "Man in the Street" with Bing Crosby—to be made on her return. Constance Moore and song-writer



● Candid camera catches Alice Faye and Greer Garson exchanging the news at Ciro's nightclub. Alice has just announced her retirement from the screen to await the arrival of a baby.

## And now the fathers

Famous movie actors and directors who are among Hollywood's recent fathers or fathers-to-be include:

**HERBERT MARSHALL**, whose third wife, Lee Russell, is expecting a baby early next year.

**BERT LAHR**, comedian remembered best in "The Wizard of Oz," now playing in "Louisiana Purchase," who has a son aged three months.

**RICHARD CARLSON**, romantic screen hero, whose son—his first—Richard, jun., was born in July.

**PRESTON STURGES**, brilliant director and writer, whose third wife, Louise Sargent, presented him with a baby boy, who arrived in the same week as Carlson, jun.

Johnny Maschio are still receiving congratulations on the birth of their first-born, a daughter, Mary Constance, who arrived last month.

Proud mother of a three-month-old girl, Elaine—her first child—Veronica Lake, wife of art director John Dettie, is already studying the script of "This Gun For Hire," which will be her first film since her retirement.

Many people here believed that Veronica's absence from the screen

just when she had established herself might harm her career.

On the contrary, Veronica's mail increased as enchanted fans wrote in offering their good wishes.

Nobody, however, can get anything coherent from Virginia Bruce as to her future film plans.

Virginia is completely taken up with her infant son (aged two months), said to be the "living image" of his father, director J. Walter Rubin.

### DO YOU KNOW

## AMERICA'S FIRST DENTIST

ISAAC GREENWOOD AND HIS SON JOHN COMMENCED PRACTICE IN NEW YORK IN 1788. ISAAC CONSTRUCTED FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON AN ENTIRE DENTURE CARVED FROM IVORY, WHICH WAS SAID TO BE UNEQUALLED IN CRAFTSMANSHIP. PROTECT YOUR TEETH USE KOLYNOS AND GUARD AGAINST DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS KEEPS TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—SPARKLING AND LOVELY.

GRINDERS REPLACE THEMSELVES AS WORN OUT.

## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

1 1/3 AND 2!

### 700,000 DUCATS FOR MONKEY'S TOOTH!

THE PEOPLE OF CEYLON AND MALABAR WISH TO REDEEM TEETH OF ELEPHANTS AND MONKEYS. THE SIAMESE OFFERED A PORTUGUESE 700,000 DUCATS TO REDEEM A MONKEY'S TOOTH!

BEAVERS HAVE CONSTANTLY GROWING TEETH.

**FIRST BACTERIAL MOUTH THEN DENTAL DECAY!**

YOUR MOUTH IS A BREEDING PLACE FOR BACTERIA! UNLESS YOU KILL THESE—YOU GET BACTERIAL MOUTH AND DENTAL DECAY FOLLOWS. KOLYNOS SWIRLS RIGHT UP INTO CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH—KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—SPARKLING WITH NEW LOVELINESS. AND REMEMBER KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. 1/2 AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY!







# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

The stars continue to favor Scorpions (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23) now, but after November 23 they will look kindly on Sagittarians (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22).

WISE Scorpions should get busy immediately and try to improve their affairs. They should make changes and ask favors calculated to bring prosperity or happiness.

Many are regarded as "lucky." Opportunities certainly seem to come their way frequently, but it needs the Scorpion urge for activity, excitement, accomplishment and honor to turn these into successful achievements.

They often find they accomplish or secure things upon which they determinedly set their minds. They should therefore plan their future activities and conditions wisely and thereafter concentrate on them.

Sagittarians are also rather fortunate people. They love to take risks and gamble, and usually succeed in such ventures.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 30): The next few weeks will favor most Arians. Therefore plan ahead on new ventures and changes, and ask favors or seek promotion. November 19 (after 3 p.m.), November 20 (forenoon), November 23 (except close to 2 p.m.), and November 24 (near sunrise and from 1 to 3 p.m.) very fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Be cautious this week. Your stars can lead you into trouble, especially on November 19 (to 3 p.m.), November 24 (early afternoon and evening), and November 25 (November 18 doubtful).

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Observe caution for several weeks. Rashness or carelessness and irritation can lead to losses, disappointments, opposition, partings and upsets. This is especially so on November 19 (afternoon) and November 20 (near dawn and late evening). November 21 and 26 poor.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Work hard on November 18 (especially near dawn and from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.), for you can benefit considerably then. Make changes, seek favors, begin ventures then. November 22 (from noon till 2 p.m. and from 3.30 to 7.30 p.m.) and November 28 (from 7 to 9 a.m.) fair.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 21): A very mixed week, so be careful, especially on November 19 (to 2.30 p.m.), but thereafter fair to 4 p.m. Also November 20 (forenoon), November 24 (late) and November 25 poor.

**VIRGO** (August 22 to September 21): Try not to do the wrong thing this week, for confusion can predominate. November 18 (around dawn and from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.) and November 22 (from noon to 2 p.m. and from 5 to 7.30 p.m.) very fair. November 20 (late evening) and November 25 poor.

**LIBRA** (September 22 to October 21): Fair for modest ventures or changes on November 18 (daytime), November 19 (mid-afternoon and midnight), November 20 (forenoon). Better still on November 21 (between 2 and 7 p.m.) and November 24 (around sunrise and early afternoon).

**SCORPIO** (October 22 to November 21): Make the most of November 18 and November 22 (between noon and 2 p.m. and from 3 to 7.30 p.m.) and November 23 (before 9 a.m.). They may produce the last worthwhile opportunities or changes you'll have for some months. Be on guard on November 19 (to 3 p.m.), November 24 (late evening), and November 25.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Better times coming now, so plan wisely and constructively. November 19 (after 3 p.m.), November 20 (forenoon only), November 22 (between 1 and 7 p.m.), and November 24 (around sunrise and from 1 to 2 p.m.) very fair. Be cautious on November 20 (late) and November 25.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Very fair for many Capricornians on November 18 (after dawn to sunrise and from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.), November 22 (between noon and 2 p.m. and from 3.30 to 7.30 p.m.) and November 23 (from 3 to 7 p.m.).

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): A very mixed week, so be cautious. November 19 (early afternoon), November 20 (late p.m.), November 21 (mid-afternoon), November 22 (near 2 p.m.), November 24 (evening) and November 25 difficult. November 23 (between 3 and 7 p.m.) and November 24 (sunrise and afternoon) fair.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 21): A very mixed week. It can be very and on November 18 (around dawn and from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.), very fair on November 22 (from noon to 2 p.m. and from 3 to 7.30 p.m.). Doubtful on November 23 (near 8 a.m. and from 3 to 7 p.m.) and poor on November 21 and November 25.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has consented to assist **THE CHIEF:** Of the Secret Service in solving the mystery of the Octopus Ring, a powerful, unscrupulous gang who stop at nothing. Plans have been stolen from time to time from an aeroplane factory, and when Mandrake

visits the building he installs a detector which registers electrical impulses. Having decided to subject all employees to a physical examination, he orders the factory doctor to tell each man: "I spy nothing wrong with you." In this way he hopes to register on the machine the reaction of the workers to the word "spy." NOW READ ON:



AM I OKAY, DOC? YES, I SPY NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU.

THIS DETECTOR HASN'T SHOWN A THING SO FAR. ALL THE MEN HAVEN'T BEEN TESTED YET.

WISH YOU'D HURRY UP—I'M BUSY! WELL, I SPY NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU.

AS THE AIRPLANE PLANT DOCTOR CONDUCTS PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS...

MANDRAKE WATCHES AN ELECTRICAL DETECTOR IN THE NEXT ROOM...

LOOK AT THAT ARROW SHOOT UP WHEN HE HEARD THE WORD "SPY"! THAT'S OUR MAN! KARL? HE'S BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I GAVE KARL THE USELESS PLANS, TOLD HIM THEY WERE IMPORTANT AND ASKED HIM TO MAKE ONE COPY—AS YOU SAID. BUT IF HE'S THE SPY—I STILL DON'T SEE HOW HE'LL GET IT OUT OF THE PLANT— WE'LL SEE.

KARL LOOKS UP—AND SEES PIERCING EYES THAT BURN HYPNOTICALLY INTO HIS... YES—?

STRANGE—I COULD HAVE SWORN SOMEONE LOOKED IN AT THE DOOR— ..AND THE MAGICIAN BECOMES INVISIBLE TO HIM!

INVISIBLE, MANDRAKE WATCHES—AND SEES THAT KARL IS MAKING A SECOND SMALL COPY OF THE PLANS AS HE WORKS!

HEY, PETE. -- WAIT A MINUTE.

HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO GO OUT FOR LUNCH TODAY. I'LL HAVE A CHEESE SANDWICH AND A BOTTLE OF CHOCOLATE MILK. OKAY, BOSS.

I'M POSITIVE KARL'S THE SPY HERE, BUT IF HE'S SEARCHED EVERY NIGHT AS HE LEAVES, HOW DOES HE GET THE PLANS OUT OF THE PLANT?

HEY, PETE -- WAIT -- I'VE GOT AN EMPTY FOR YOU.

INVISIBLE, MANDRAKE WATCHES THE SUSPECTED KARL...

LUNCH OKAY? FINE. HERE YOU ARE.

DID YOU FIND ANYTHING? PLENTY! THOSE PLANS ARE LEAVING THIS PLANT IN AN EMPTY MILK BOTTLE!

TO BE CONTINUED

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . . On sale at all newsagents . . . . Price 6d





## AMERICAN FASHIONS are young and spirited

● New York designers are kindling the newest headlines with blazing pottery-red. This heart-shaped halo is of fine red milan with a microscopic crown of navy crocheted straw. The other lass offsets her dark curls with a white plaited straw toque that has a faintly Spanish air and is garnished with clumps of red geraniums.

» « » «

● Bewitchingly gay dinner-frock of white jersey scattered with a drift of brilliant confetti spots. The trim jacket leagues spots and stripes with enchanting effect.





● The "Good Neighbor" ensemble. This frock of flat crepe is made in American Beauty red and features a scalloped yoke and hemline filched from the decorative outfit of the toreador. The cute hat of rough black straw is made like a Spanish comb.

» « » «

● Gold vanity dress clip that is one of the intriguing American "conversation pieces"—so called because it's unusual enough to start animated discussion in any gathering. Inspired by the old-fashioned chatelaines, it comprises lipstick, compact, and mirror all done in dull gilt. (Top right.)

» « » «

● The influence of the glamorous West is seen in the "Yippee" dinner-gown of Chinese-yellow and salmon-pink silk jersey. The square pockets and wide, cowboy belt are lavishly studded with lacquered nailheads.





## SUMMERY NOTIONS . . . with accent on charm

● Simple cocktail blouse of gleaming white satin gathered at the shoulders and at the bust-line and formalised with long, full sleeves. (Right.)

● Frothy little affair of white muslin featuring minute tucks and highlighted with soft embroidered frills edging the front and puff sleeves. (Below.)

● An old black straw boater can be made to look like a 1941 model by banding the crown and brim with tiny ruffles of val. lace.

● Sleekly tailored blouse of heavy, dull-surfaced crepe in a heavenly shade of powder-blue. The front is garnished with tucks.

● Top a black jersey skirt with a sophisticated blouse of white jersey, with draped neckline caught in a soft bow, and the shoulders accented with tiny frills. (Above left.)

● Beguilingly young blouse of pastel-pink organza with square neckline and puffed sleeves margined with frills to match the dainty jabot.



6d. & 1/- a bottle

**Shu-Milk**  
cleans all white shoes

● Shu-Milk actually removes the dirt and grease from your shoes (it doesn't just cover up the dirt).  
Shu-Milk does quickly and evenly (it cannot cake or harden the shoe material).  
Shu-Milk gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smartness that makes you really proud of them.

● Feminise a plain black hat with a wide ruffle of white broderie anglaise tied on with black velvet ribbon and team it with a delicate starched muslin collar in snowy white, finely pin-tucked and embroidered.

The sweet with  
the fascinating  
fresh fruit  
flavour!...

MacPherson's  
**CHERRY RIPE**

— the coconut assures good munching

IT TASTES GOOD!... IT IS GOOD!...



3d  
EVERYWHERE



## Gay jumper for sunny days

● This attractive crocheted jumper fits the figure snugly and is fastened right down the front with a zipper. Wear it to town with a tailored skirt or for sports with slacks.

**SLIM-FITTING**, crocheted jumper that is quite simple to make and looks so effective.

**Materials:** 100cs. Patons and Baldwin's 3-ply Super-Scotch Fingering. Small quantity of contrasting color. One No. 13 crochet hook. 1 zip-fastener, or 10 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from shoulder, 22in. Length all round underarm, 34-36in. Length of sleeve from underarm, 6in.

**Tension:** 2 patterns to in. in width, 3 patterns to in. in depth.

### BACK

Make 102 chain loosely.

**1st Row:** Into 3rd ch. from hook make 1 d.c., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. (this will now be termed 1 pattern). \* miss 2 ch., and into next ch. make another pattern. Repeat from \* to end of row, turn with 2 ch.

**2nd Row:** Into \* 2 ch., space of previous row make 1 d.c., 2 ch., 1 tr., 1 d.c. Repeat from \* to end of row. Always turning with 2 ch., repeat these 2 rows twice.

Decrease 1 pattern at each end of next and every following 4th row 3 times (this makes 4 patterns, decrease at each end). Work 8 rows without shaping. Increase 1 pattern at each end of work in next and every following 6th row 3 times.

**Work 9 rows without shaping.**  
**Shape for Armhole:** Sl-st. over first 2 patterns, work to last 2 patterns, turn, work to end of row. Decrease once at beginning and end of next and every alternate row until 5 patterns have been decreased at each end. Work 20 rows without shaping. Shape for shoulder as follows: Sl-st. over first 3 patterns, work to last 3 patterns, turn. Repeat this row twice. Break off wool.

### RIGHT FRONT

Make 57 chain. Work same as given for back for first 6 rows.

Decrease 1 pattern at end of next and every following 4th row 3 times. Work 8 rows without shaping. Increase 1 pattern at end of next and every following 6th row 3 times.

**Work 9 rows without shaping.**  
**Shape for Armhole:** Work to last 2 patterns, turn. Work to end of row. Decrease 1 pattern at armhole edge in next and every alternate row until 5 patterns have been decreased.

**Work 12 rows without shaping.**  
Sl-st. over 2 patterns (neck edge). Work to end of row. Decrease 1 pattern at neck edge every alternate row 3 times. Work 3 rows without shaping. Shape for shoulder as follows:

Work to last 3 patterns, turn. Sl-st. over 3 patterns, work to end of row. Break off.

Work left side to correspond, making shapings at opposite side.

### SLEEVES

Make 60 chain.

Work as given for back for 4 rows. Increase 1 pattern at each end of work in next and following 8th row. Work 7 rows without shaping. Sl-st. over 1 pattern. Work 8 patterns, increase by making 2 patterns in next pattern, work 4 patterns, 2 patterns in next pattern, work 9 patterns, turn. Work to end of row.

Continue decreasing once at each end of next and every alternate row and at same time increasing once at each side of 4 centre patterns in 3rd and every following 4th row until 12 patterns remain. Work over 8 patterns, turn. Work over 4 patterns, turn. Work 8 rows over 4 patterns. Break off.

Make another sleeve in the same manner.

### TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron, press carefully. Sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams, placing sleeves in seam to seam. With right side of work facing, commence at bottom of right front, make 1 d.c. in 2 ch., loop at side of pattern, 3 ch. 1 d.c. in next loop, and continue up right front around neck and down left front.

Work 1 row of d.c. all around bottom of coat and 1 d.c. in every chain of previous row. Break off.

Insert zip-fastener. Using contrasting color, embroider as illustrated.

**For Buttonholes:** Work 3 rows of d.c. along left side. Right side:

**1st Row:** Work 152 d.c. along right side.

**2nd Row:** 2 d.c. on 2 d.c., \* 4 ch. miss 3 d.c., work 13 d.c. on 13 d.c., repeat from \* 9 times, 4 ch. miss 3 d.c., 3 d.c. on 3 d.c.

**3rd Row:** Work one row of d.c. working 4 d.c. on the 4 ch. of each buttonhole.

Attach buttons to correspond with buttonholes.



● You will love this little model because of its suave, tailored lines, perked-out sleeves and simple neck-line.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### Trim summer coat...



ATTRACTIVE embroidered coat-hangers, which make practical Christmas gifts.

### COAT-HANGERS can be so pretty

THESE charming coat-hangers are available at our Needlework Department, traced on good quality sheer linen, in white, tussore, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The embroidery is very simple to do. Stranded cottons for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 3d. skein. Price 1/11 each, or set of 3, price 5/6; 3d. extra for postage.

**A DASHING** edge-to-edge coat that will serve you smartly through the season ahead.

This coat may be obtained from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality white waffle cloth, white slub linen, and white silk pique, which all launder perfectly. The pattern is clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Do the embroidery in satin-stitch in a bright shade of red (F.700) or blue (F.503).

Sizes 32in., 34in. bust, waffle cloth, 17/11; slub linen, 17/6; pique, 18/11; 36in., 38in. bust, waffle cloth, 18/6; slub linen, 18/3; pique, 19/6; 9d. extra for postage, or paper pattern only, price 1/7; embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra.

152. This briskly tailored style is guaranteed to keep you looking as cool as an ice-cube on the hottest days.



152

### SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 400F, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O., Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 408W, G.P.O., If calling, 176 Castlereagh St., Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

### Dainty hankies

YOU may obtain these handkerchiefs from our Needlework Department, with the sweet little design traced ready to embroider. They are traced on white, blue, lemon, and pink pure quality linen, or on fine white cotton. Work the embroidery in pastel shades in buttonhole, stem-stitch, and french knots. Linen, 1/- each. Cotton lawn, 8d. each.

Or box of 3—linen, 2/9 box; cotton lawn, 1/11 box. 3d. extra for postage. Stranded cottons for embroidery, price 3d. per skein.



SOLVE your Christmas gift problem with handkerchiefs — they are inexpensive and your friends will love them.

**HE-MAN STRENGTH**  
WITH PERFECT COMFORT!

\* Nile Singlets can "take it." They're woven for WEAR and designed for men of action. The cost? Only 2/6, 2/11 and 3/6 — and made from the best Egyptian yarn. And for that boy of yours there's a Nile Junior Athletic Singlet at 1/6.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

**NILE**

IS SMART AND DURABLE AS COLOUR-FAST NILE HANDKERCHIEFS!

**ATHLETIC SINGLETS**

Manufactured by Pioneer Sportswear Industries Pty. Ltd., 114 Broadway, Sydney.

WILLIAM HURLINS & CO. LTD.  
DAY & NIGHT WEAR  
VIVELLA HOUSE NOTTINGHAM  
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

**XMAS Shopping list**

Viyella Socks for  
Viyella Pyjamas for  
Viyella Material for

Give presents in line with the times — remembering, of course, that the best is always cheapest. Yes, Viyella is still being made in England to guaranteed pre-war qualities. So, for Dad, for the boys in uniform, too, choose socks and pyjamas with the famous Viyella trade-mark. For the kiddies — lengths of Viyella in cheeks, plain colours, and floral effects — and for the little stranger expected at Christmas-time — cream Viyella, too.

If your favourite store cannot supply you, write direct to WM. HURLINS & CO. LTD., Box 235SP, G.P.O., Sydney.

**'Viyella'**  
MADE IN ENGLAND

The more you wash it the better



*Blonde . . . Brunette . . . Titian . . .*

here's your

# POWDER

*made to order*

This is the powder you've always wanted. A powder made specially to your orders. After asking thousands of women just like yourself this question, "If you were having your face powder made to order, which features would you specially ask for?" you said: "Give us 1. The softest, finest texture possible. 2. Powder that clings for hours. 3. A glare-proof powder that is just as flattering in the sunshine as under electric lights. 4. A really wide choice of skin tones." So here in Pond's new improved powder are all of these features. Six attractive shades to choose from. Sold at all chemists and stores.

1. THE SOFTEST, FINEST TEXTURE OF ALL.
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3. IT'S GLARE-PROOF.
4. REALLY CLINGS FOR HOURS AND HOURS.



## POND'S FACE POWDER

*New and Improved*

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## Pond's "LIPS" stays on Longer

### MAKE THIS TEST

Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Apply beside it any other lipstick. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.



Pond's "Lips" will break a man's heart in two . . . but never your own—because Pond's "Lips" stays on much longer. The last sip of coffee, the last dance, the last kiss, the last cigarette, will find your Pond's "Lips" still glowing with irresistible colour. Pond's "Lips" are as glamorous under bright sunlight as electric light, and each shade is blended scientifically to keep its rich colour. Six smart shades to choose from at all chemists and stores.

## Pond's Lipstick



# Fashion PATTERNS

F3220.—High-waisted frock with tiny yoke and flattering fullness over the bustline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1449.—Adorable pinafore and blouse for small girls 2 to 8 years. Requires 1yd. for blouse and 1½yds. for pinafore, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3169.—Cool, button-down-the-front style with dainty white collar and cuffs. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. and ¾yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3287.—Chic style for the not-so-slim figure. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2178.—Dirndl skirt worn with a trim, white blouse and tailored shorts. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2yds. for skirt and 3yds. for blouse and shorts, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2177.—Captivating little shirt-blouse that looks equally effective for town or sports. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2176.—Pleated skirt contrasted with a long, slimly-tailored jacket with large pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. for jacket and 2½yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## Please Note!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F3220

F1449

F2178

F2177

F2176



F3169

F3287



## Special Concession Patterns

TRIO OF GAY SUMMER STYLES

Sizes: 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1: Requires 3yds., and 1½yds. contrast, 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires 3½yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Requires 4½yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

## CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:—

Box 38A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be gained for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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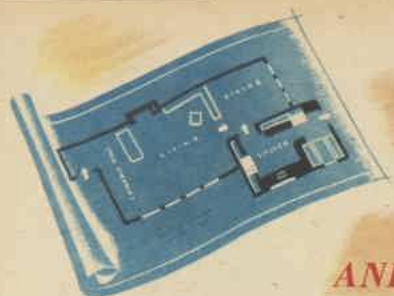
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# Noted Architects Design Two Masonite Rooms . . .

**AND SHOW HOW LUXURY NEED NOT MEAN EXTRAVAGANCE**



WHEN Jerrold Loeb designed the living room illustrated in these two pictures he took advantage of the amazing versatility of *Masonite*, the all-wood economy building board. Walls, ceilings and built-in furniture are fashioned from this remarkable material. In the smaller picture (below) you see the living room at the "entrance" end. The attractive walls are of *Masonite* Presdwood cut into rectangular panels with the edges bevelled. The opposite end (larger picture) has become a den that invites long leisure hours. The appealing *Masonite* Presdwood walls have been left natural and waxed to a dull sheen. The unusual wall niches are cut out of Tempered Presdwood and lighted from within.

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The smaller picture shows the breakfast nook. Counter tops and recessed cabinet base-boards are *Masonite* Tempered Presdwood. Any architect will tell you how moderate is the cost of carrying out these or similar plans in "the wonder boards of 1000 uses." Get to know more about *Masonite*!



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THE WONDER BOARD OF 1000 USES

*Masonite* is made in Australia from Australian timbers hitherto regarded as commercially useless. There are four types of board: Presdwood, Tempered Presdwood, Temptrile and Quatrboard De Luxe, each of which has a special purpose. Fill in the coupon for all the facts.

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QUATRBOARD DE-LUXE



## DANCE FROCKS

● A bewitching quartet of evening gowns that are guaranteed to keep you looking cool and charming on the hottest summer nights.

Sketches by  
PETROV



● 1. Fine white pique scattered with coin-spots in red, blue, yellow, and green. An apron effect is achieved by shoulder ruffles in white eyelet cotton.

● 2. Pale blue chiffon with fluffy skirt fullness and balloon bishop sleeves serves as a sweet background for deep blue suspenders and belt.

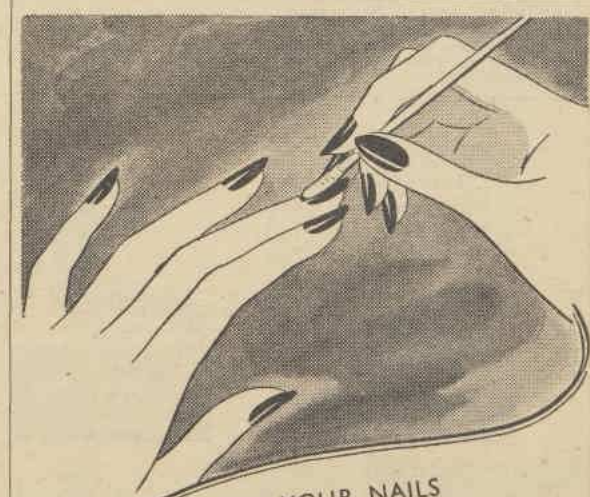


● 3. Velvet-striped faille for a dramatic skirt, topped with a moulded torso in black tulle with square décolletage demurely filled in with folds of white chiffon.

● 4. Coral-red crepe evening gown with a divided tunic which clips in the back and folds into fullness and a cowl neckline to cover the shoulders.



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# Let us help with your Christmas Presents

## Here's the way to solve your Christmas problem

Rising prices. Rising taxes. Are you afraid your budget won't stand buying Xmas gifts this year? Forget your worries for here's your answer:

### Obtain your Xmas gifts FREE

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All Sanitarium products are genuine tasty Health Foods... foods you need and can use every day of the week. Include as many as possible in your next grocery order. The coupons you collect in one average family-size order is sufficient to start you with enough points to obtain a FREE gift immediately.

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Coupons from any of the 21 Sanitarium Health Foods are interchangeable and combine to secure any gift. You can obtain gifts from as little as 6 points upward, and one coupon may be worth 8 points. You see how speedy it is. Sanitarium Health Foods' is the quickest and most generous free gift scheme operating in Australia.

When you buy Sanitarium Health Foods you buy the purest and best foods obtainable. They are appetizing, tasty, nutritious and inexpensive and must do you good. Help your family to better health and yourself to wonderful FREE Xmas gifts. Start collecting NOW!



SAFETY RAZOR and blade.  
Pop this in Dad's cabinet.

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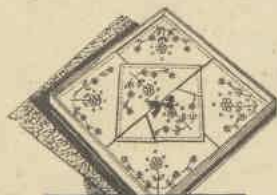
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Ladies' "Dawn" HANDKERCHIEFS. Cal'd & White.

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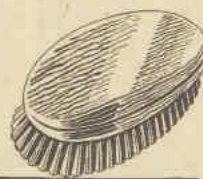
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- GRAINUT
- GLUTEN MEAL
- DIABETIC ROLLS
- GLUTEN BISCUITS
- NUT MEAT
- PROTOSE
- NUT-CHEESE
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- KWIC-BRU
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Men's HAIR BRUSH.  
Long-lasting bristles.

98 POINTS

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Linen GLASS CLOTH. Nice designs. Fast colors 22x32

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TABLE TENNIS. Give the family hours of fun.

105 POINTS

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Child's TEA SET.  
14-piece Duperite-ware.

109 POINTS

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### WHAT TO DO! All gifts are obtainable at the following addresses.—

SYDNEY 12 Hunter Street. PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay St.  
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins St., Opp Australia A/cde. Also Sanitarium Health Food Shop & LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.  
HOBART 41 Elizabeth Street.  
Gift Depot, 791 Bourke Rd., NEWCASTLE 14/15 The Arcade, Newcastle, Camberwell.

If you cannot call, attach your coupons to a small label bearing the following information — 1. Your name and address in BLOCK letters. 2. Number of coupons enclosed. 3. The article you require. Mention three choices in case we should be out of supplies of your first choice. Enclose with stamps to cover freight and packing and post them at letter-rate to the address of the depot nearest to you.

IMPORTANT: Maritime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

NOTE: This scheme does not operate in South Australia. Write for catalogue of FREE gifts.

1.63.3

# Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS



# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

### Music and sausages . . .

VARIETY in entertainment offered by three parties this Saturday . . . aid army, hospital, and Red Cross.

Rhumba party at Edgecliff home of Dr. and Mrs. Holmes a'Court will bring more funds for Sydney Hospital. Beer, sherry, and sausages will be served on the tennis-court, and dancing in the billiard-room.

Carnival under the stars at Mrs. A. C. Godhard's home, Edgewater, helps 2nd Garrison Battalion funds and 2/5th Field Regiment. . . . Melody Fair at Fairwater, Double Bay, is Red Cross Younger Set's money-making scheme.

Some appropriate titles for stalls at Red Cross fair . . . H.M.S. Pinafore (aprons), Little Old Lady (lavender and handkerchiefs), Quarter-master's Store (kitchen and pantry), and Alice Blue Gown for refreshment stall, conducted by blue-clad V.A.'s.

### Scout motto . . .

ATTEND preview at State Theatre of N.E.S. film, "Should Death Descend," with host of other people as curious as I am to see how prepared are our civilian forces in event of air invasion.

Minister R. J. Heffron assures us it "can happen here" (from the screen, as he is away blackouting country districts). Represented by Mr. C. E. Martin, who congratulates N.E.S. personnel appearing in film and in audience on work of national importance.

Notice in audience interstate deputy controllers from South Australia and Tasmania, June and Maylean Heffron, Mr. Ken Hall, and Mr. Harold Cook, N.E.S. liaison officer for country districts.

### Did you know? . . .

MRS. TIMOTHY MONCKTON SYNNOT has taken a flat at Elizabeth Bay, and the Frank Talts (she is Viola Wilson) are at the Astor.

In town for 10 days from Corry, Trangie, Lucy Mackinnon is staying with fiancé Stuart Proctor's parents, the H. E. Proctors, at Pennant Hills.

Mrs. John Walsh and small son, Nicky, are coming from South Australia to make their home in Sydney. Mrs. Walsh has been enthusiastic worker for Royal Naval Friendly Union since her return to Australia from Alexandria.

### Continental . . .

GARDEN party guests at Glendower, Mosman home of Captain and Mrs. W. Prehn, follow blidding of invitation to stay till last boat home . . . some leave armed with precious bottles won in champagne and liqueur lucky-dips!

Mrs. Prehn organises party to raise funds for Russian medical aid and comforts . . . Zelia Raye directs costume dances, and stalls in terraced garden have Continental decorations.

### Rust colors . . .

BUSY choosing furnishings for new home in Bellevue Hill are newly-married Captain and Mrs. Christopher Harris . . . she was former Joyce Rickey, of Waverley.

Joyce favors rust color scheme and is anxiously awaiting completion of new block of flats in Birriga Road, where they have taken a flat. Uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Maliphant, are back in Dubbo after visit to Sydney for wedding celebrations.

### Boston news . . .

NEWS from Boston, U.S.A., to Neil Macdonald family in Neutral Bay tells of wedding of Joan Macdonald and George Conrad Terkelsen in September.

Joan, who has just finished dress-designing course, has schoolgirl sister Nadine as bridesmaid, and brother Ian best man . . . parents, Dr. and Mrs. William Macdonald, left the North Shore many years ago to make their home in Boston. Joan's new home is now in South Georgia, where husband is stationed with U.S. Army.

Letter describing wedding is being handed around among aunts in Sydney, Miss Ivy Macdonald, Mrs. Walter Gibson, and Mrs. John Valon . . . here for duration from England with children Ann and John.

### Wedding date . . .

DECEMBER 20 date fixed for wedding of Margaret Langley, of Mosman, and Max Raffan, of Pine Park, Humula . . . afternoon ceremony at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill.

Margaret has future sister-in-law, Claire Raffan, as bridesmaid . . . both will wear pale blue and white. Temple Saxton, of Humula station, Humula, to be best man.

Max, a captain in the Light Horse, is in camp for duration, and has taken a house near at hand, about 40 miles from Pine Park home-stand.

Only quiet reception at Petty's to follow ceremony, but number of people coming from Wagga district . . . Margaret's sister, Mrs. Richard Roberts, already over from Melbourne until after wedding day.

### In town . . .

MEET attractive Meg Farrell, back in town after spending some months at home in Temora. Tells me she will probably stay down until wedding of brother, Lieutenant Jim Farrell, and Shelagh Cato, on December 6.

Afternoon ceremony at St. Brigid's, Coogee, will be followed by reception at Australia. Bridesmaid June Learmonth comes down from Rooty Hill this Tuesday to choose frock for wedding.

Shelagh will make her home in country district where Jim is in camp until they return to Temora.

### They catch the eye . . .

BO-PEEP hat of blue straw with crown of pale pink roses worn by Mrs. David Roper.

Dutch boy and girl dress-clips of amethyst and green stones on Mrs. G. K. Kryger's navy-blue and white ensemble.

Jasmine Barton's white vell-trimmed postilion hat, with its trimming of colored peonies and green stalks trailing to back of crown.

Floral silk lapels and matching pockets on Mrs. Sam Hordern's off-white suit.

Brown platter hat with cascades of pale pink tulle caught at either side of brim with pink rosebuds worn by Kath Noss.

Barbara Glasson, dancing at Prince's in broderie anglaise dinner frock banded on skirt with red, white, and blue.



• BREEZES CATCH Nancy Lipscomb's bridal veil when she arrives at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, with sister Joan for appointment with Gordon Richards.



• NEWLY ENGAGED. Megan Evans plays accompaniments for singer-fiance William Diamond.



• ARTS AND CRAFTS exhibition. Pat O'Neill admires pottery bottle made by her mother, Mrs. J. O'Neill (right).



• DECEMBER WEDDING for Robert Roberts (Condobolin) and Betty Coffill photographed with latter's sister, Ailsa, who will be a bridesmaid.



• GUESTS AT WEDDING of Nancy Furber and Tim Jude, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam arrive at St. Mark's Church for ceremony.



• HONEYMOONING IN SYDNEY. Dr. Allan McKay and bride (formerly Helena Vincent), of Melbourne, lunch at Romano's.



• PACKING PARCELS for monster lucky-dip in Martin Place on Prisoners of War Day, November 28. Mrs. Roy Backlund (left) has help from Mrs. H. S. Utz.



• BEADED white gowns for Sydney's Mrs. Stuart Ward and Rosemaria Wright at play for patriotic funds in Melbourne.



## Numbered Hours

Continued from page 3

HE walked straight past her. Neither his darkly tanned, hardish handsome face nor his grey eyes told her anything. They were impassive. But he went to the Caisse, just to her left, and laid a pile of jetons on the counter.

"Monnaie," he said briefly.

Raking his pockets he laid a second and third pile beside the first.

He lighted a cigarette while the colored jetons were swiftly sorted and a sheaf of the big, fragile French banknotes counted across to him. Then he picked up the notes, tapped them level on the counter, and, folding them, walked away.

Valerie rose and followed him. He had won with those stolen jetons and won well. Her heart beat violently.

The yellow-haired young man was still playing. She saw him among the crowd round the table.

Some way ahead of her, the man with the signet ring entered the foyer. Valerie quickened her pace. In the foyer a few people were sitting about; the vast chandeliers glittered; the glass doors stood open, guarded by a gendarme. The man with the signet ring was at the cigarette counter. He pocketed his cigarettes, but not his change. He walked across to a slot-machine against one of the massive pillars, put a franc in the slot, pulled the lever. The cylinders whirled.

Valerie walked forward and stood beside him. She was rigid; her hands were clenched, pressed down hard into her pockets. She looked fixedly at the fruits painted on the cylinders. Her voice, tense, breathless, little above a whisper, didn't sound like her own:

"That money's not yours! What are you going to do about it?"

She felt his glance, his sudden, iron tension. It lasted only for a second. Then he put another franc in the slot, clanked down the lever. She stared at the whirling fruits. She was biting her lip so hard that it hurt. The cylinders clicked and stopped.

"Lemons," he said smoothly.

He looked at her, and she met his eyes. They were hard, his mouth was hard—abruptly, he cupped a hand under her arm.

"Let's go!"

She had no choice. He was gripping her arm so tightly that she couldn't have freed herself without making a scene. She whispered fur-

iously, as they walked out on to the Casino steps:

"Take your hand off me!"

His fingers tightened.

People were passing up and down the steps; cars ailed by, honking; music came from the big hotel on the left, blazing with light; the ruled avenue of palms was flooded.

He did not release his grip. They walked across the road to the Cafe de Paris. The tables, the red-and-white chairs, were crowded. Threading his way among them, he talked. He was tall, good-looking, easy and casual, but she didn't hear what he said. His fingers weren't casual; they were steel.

He found a vacant table, put his free hand on the back of a chair, looking at her. She sat down, furious with herself and him. She had let him bluff her out of the Casino, and now she didn't see what she could do.

He sat down opposite her, offered his cigarette-case.

She looked at him as she leaned forward to the match he held for her, and he nodded at the Casino across the road.

"A glided lamb like that asks for it. The only question is, who shears him first." Unsmiling, he lit his own cigarette. "I noticed you, but didn't realise you'd marked that pocket for yourself. You're good!"

The suggestion was so infamous that for a moment she didn't know what he meant. Then the color came into her cheeks hotly and angrily.

A waiter bustled up, tray balanced on the palm of his hand. "M'sieu, madame?"

Valerie's companion glanced at her inquiringly.

"Fine," he told the waiter, "deux fines"—and rose as the man moved away. "I'll be back in a moment."

He followed the waiter into the cafe, and Valerie, looking after him, carried his cigarette to her lips with a hand that quivered. Never had she been so angry. That glib, blackguardly assumption that she was a crook herself. She had noticed that gaping pocket, yes; it had made her fingers tingle even. But not for one instant had she dreamed...

The waiter, returning, set two fines on the table. Valerie didn't often drink brandy, but she drank that one. She needed it. She drank it, set down the empty glass—and just then the waiter, re-passing, dropped an envelope on the table.

"From m'sieu!"

Valerie looked at her recent companion's fine, there on the table, untouched. She looked into the lighted interior of the cafe, but didn't see him. She snatched up the envelope, tore it open, and drew out a thin sheaf of hundred-franc notes. Nothing else.

She could hardly believe her eyes. Five hundred francs! Hush money! A "cut," to keep her quiet, to prevent her telling her story to the Casino authorities and perhaps creating enough suspicion against him to get his carte d'entree revoked. She crushed notes and envelope in her hand and beckoned the waiter.

"M'sieu is inside?"

"M'sieu has left, mademoiselle." He added quickly, as Valerie rose, "The fines? M'sieu did not pay."

It was the last straw—almost. She hadn't a sou of her own. She paid with one of the hundred-franc notes, collected the change, went

straight back to the Casino. The yellow-haired young man was no longer at the table where she had seen him last. She looked all through the salles des jeux for him, and began to think, "If I don't find him, I'll go to one of the officials and tell him the whole story."

She didn't find the yellow-haired young man.

But she didn't go to any official either.

It was such a queer story. When she admitted that she was so "broke" she had had to use ten francs of the money to pay the waiter, the official might wonder. He might think she had made the yarn up; had taken the jetons herself; had cashed them outside, at a discount, and then had had an attack of conscience, or funk, or both, and wanted to put herself right.

She felt that she just couldn't stand the inevitable questioning, probing.

It was all horrible.

She left the Casino.

A beautiful night; a Monte Carlo night. Music came from the Ambassadors' terrace as she walked down the Avenue des Spelugues; on her right, the Casino gardens were mysterious with moonlight and the shadow of palms.

She saw nothing of it. As she walked she lived over again the scene in the Casino, the scene in the cafe. Anger burned in her. She walked into the dimly-lighted hall of her little hotel in the narrow Rue des Oliviers without having given a thought to her incubus, the madame, for over two hours—a record.

The key of room 4—her room—was missing from the rack.

It brought her up all standing. And a voice said smoothly, with a kind of malicious pleasantry: "Ah, mademoiselle!"

## MOUNTAINOUS

and malign, the madame came bulging out of her cubbyhole, clutching a long paper covered with lanky columns of francs and centimes.

"The question of the bill," purred the madame. "I have amended it, for mademoiselle's convenience, up to noon to-day."

Valerie's cheeks burned. She took the bill without glancing at it. "I'll see you about it in the morning. My key—"

"A little moment!" said the madame, with a flashing squint. "Mademoiselle will note the condition, clearly printed, 'Payable dans la Journée.' It is necessary that the matter be disposed of to-night, if mademoiselle is to take possession of the room. Three hundred and seventy-three francs and fifty centimes!"

Valerie moistened her lips.

"You cannot pay, hein? As I thought! As I thought! There are plenty in Monte Carlo—en effet, no better than they should be—"

"Quiet!" Valerie gasped. "Quiet—oh, you horrible old woman!" Almost before she realised she had snatched out that envelope with the four hundred-franc notes in it. "Here's your wretched money."

The madame clawed for it with one hand, proffered the key with the other.

"Ah, mademoiselle, pardon, mille pardons—"

Valerie snatched the key, slipped past her, ran up the stairs to her own room. Her hands shook so violently that she could hardly find the keyhole. She slammed the door, locked it, and pressed her hands to her burning cheeks.

No one could have slept after a scene like that. Certainly Valerie didn't. She left first thing in the morning, went to another hotel for her final free night before reporting to Lady Kinsellen.

A hundred-and-sixteen francs-fifty remained of the five hundred. Hotel, meals at a cheap Prix Fixe somewhere, and a taxi—because of her luggage—would cost her another, say, forty. She couldn't help it. She had just had to use the money.

She told herself that the crook with the signet ring had no doubt been right about the yellow-haired young man—a "glided lamb," probably a millionaire. But it was no good. No argument would put her right with her conscience.

It gave her no peace. She knew that it wasn't likely to, either, till she had found that yellow-haired

## What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—A recent arrival in Australia is the Polish Minister, Dr. Silvester Gruyska. He is the First Polish Minister to Australia—second—third—fourth—fifth.
- 2—You know our penny, with the kangaroo leaping across one side of it. Have we also a kangaroo half-penny? Yes—no.
- 3—Fond of a tasty cheese? Then doubtless you know which of the following ARE cheeses. Cheddar—Stilton—Parmesan—Gorgonzola—Roquefort.
- 4—You've often stood in a queue at ticket offices or shops. The word "queue" is French, of course, and its actual meaning is Line—crowd—tail—delay—post.
- 5—Remember we learned in history about the Saxon King, Edmund Ironside? He was called Ironside because He wore iron armor—that was the surname of his father, who was a commoner—he protected his castle with an iron wall—he was noted for his iron resolution.
- 6—As a conscientious N.E.S. worker, you've learnt that chlorine gas is Persistent—very persistent—semi-persistent—non-persistent.
- 7—If people criticise your orthography, they mean that you Spell badly—walk clumsily—speak indistinctly—write badly.
- 8—Higher of these Air Force ranks is Squadron-Leader—Wing-Commander.
- 9—You may not be very familiar with the name of Johann Rudolf Wyss, but you certainly know his famous book "The Blue Bird"—"Round the World in Eighty Days"—"The Swiss Family Robinson"—"The Wizard of Oz"—"Frankenstein."
- 10—Lastly—about Dili, terminus of that much-discussed new Japanese airline. It's to be found on the island of Mindanao (in the Philippines)—Loyalty (in the New Caledonians)—Timor—one of the Carolines—one of the New Hebrides.

Answers on page 34

gambler and turned over five hundred francs to him out of her salary. But even when she had decided, finally—in an open taxi humming up the Boulevard Princesse Charlotte to Lady Kinsellen's villa—that she must do that, she still didn't feel right. It was all mixed up with a guilty doubt as to whether, in coming on ahead to Monte Carlo in the first place, she hadn't behaved rather badly, considering Lady Kinsellen's anti-Casino complex.

"Oh, forget it!" she thought impatiently.

Lady Kinsellen, who was tall, handsome, and grey-haired, with a strong chin, received her kindly.

They went out together on to a terrace which commanded a view of the lower roofs of the town, of the little, sun-sparkling harbor, freckled with sails, and of the rock of Monaco beyond, crowned by the Prince's palace. But Valerie saw nothing of all this. It was obscured, blotted out, and wholly demolished for her by the man in white flannels who rose, smiling, a book in his hand, from a cane chair on the terrace.

"My nephew—Joel Shenton," Lady Kinsellen said.

But Valerie knew him at once by his hair. It was yellow.

That ghastly feeling that fate had its finger on her, that her hours were most certainly numbered, re-besieged Valerie with agonising force.

Her heart thumped forebodingly. She accepted her teacup from Lady Kinsellen as though it were a lifeline. She stirred her tea, avoiding Joel Shenton's eyes, trying to keep up some sort of conversation with Lady Kinsellen. But she knew she must be making a poor first impression. She was distracted.

Lady Kinsellen's nephew. The coincidence was extravagant; it was blinding.

Lady Kinsellen said: "Yes, Monte Carlo is beautiful. To-morrow, Miss More, my nephew will show you round. I shall be in Nice all day. I am meeting my husband off the night train—no, Joel, Francois will drive me—but there's a lot of shop-

ping I want to do first. When a house has been closed—"

She waved a hand to infer decay; and Joel Shenton smiled at Valerie.

"I'd love to show Miss More round."

His smile was pleasant; he looked quite a decent sort, Valerie began to breathe a little more easily. After all, when she told him how he had been robbed, and how she had come to get a "cut" of the proceeds—which she would insist on paying to him out of her salary—he couldn't say much, because he certainly wouldn't want his aunt to know he had been patronising the Casino himself.

"I'm going to get it off my mind," Valerie resolved, "once and for all—first chance I get."

She was simply aching to unburden her conscience; and within a few minutes Lady Kinsellen was called inside to see about curtains. It was a perfect opening, and Valerie seized it. She shook her head at the cigarettes he had come across to offer her, and, looking up at him, said: "I saw you in the Casino."

She certainly hadn't intended it to sound accusing, but the effect on him was startling. He closed his cigarette-case with a snap, glanced quickly towards the door through which Lady Kinsellen had vanished, then said tensely, "D'you mind coming down the garden a bit?"

She walked with him down a flight of steps cut in the rock, between clumps of cactus and azalea. Once out of earshot of the house, he said: "Sorry. It's my aunt. If she knew I'd been to the Casino recently—"

"You needn't worry," Valerie said. "All I—"

"But I do worry!" He paused, glancing back up at the blue-shuttered house, tapping a cigarette on his case. "Look, Miss More," he said earnestly, "if my aunt got the faintest hint I'd been in the Casino, I'd be absolutely sunk—and heaven knows, I'm in a bad enough darned mess already!"

Please turn to page 34

## DEAF?

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choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. He stopped Asthma sprays first night and he has had none since in over two years.

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6-2-41



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Miss P. A. writes from Newcastle:—"For the past three years I have attended my doctor for anaemia and pains peculiar to women and at such times as these I have had to go to bed for at least five or six days on end and I have not been able to help myself at all. I thought I would give your 'ASPRO' a trial, and I am sure I wish I had tried them sooner, as after taking them twice they put new life into me, and I can now go about anywhere without the least bit of fear and that is something after three years' fear and pain. To say that I am troubled with my heart and they do not harm me in the least is a high praise for 'ASPRO', the 'Health giver'."

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34/41

## HELP KIDNEYS PASS 3 LBS. A DAY

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 million of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 2 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood are the cause of frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, nagging back-ache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

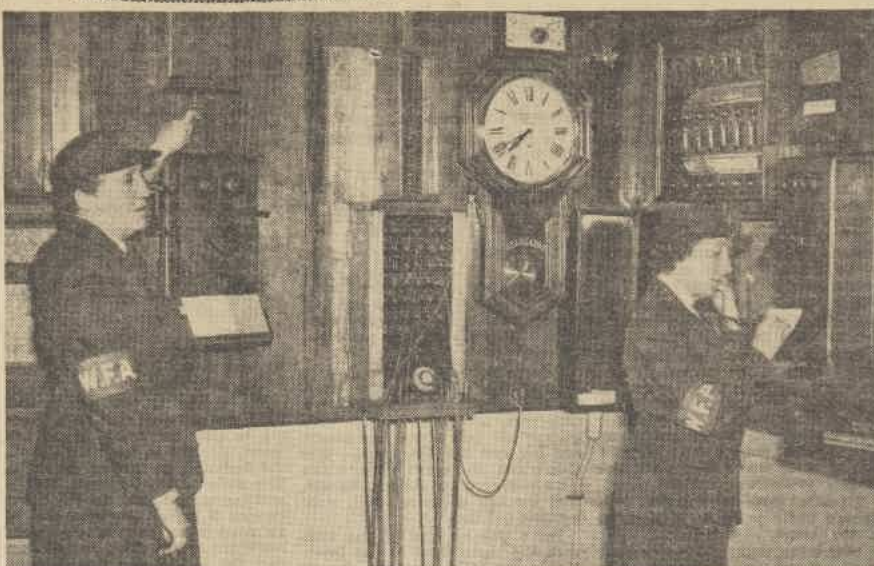
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## Women also Serve.



MRS. M. ROBINS (left), a Women's Fire Auxiliary member, releases the fire alarm at the Crow's Nest District Station. Mrs. E. Smith takes the telephone call giving location of fire.

## W.F.A. goes into action

At twenty-five metropolitan fire stations women are on watchroom duty every night of the week. They are members of the Women's Fire Auxiliary and have proficiency certificates for fire-fighting.

Their invasion of such hitherto masculine domains has been aided by the firemen themselves, who are most interested in the women's unusual work.

THE watchroom is the key centre of a station, for there all phone calls are taken and alarms given. The fact that women have undertaken work which must be done so thoroughly and promptly is a tribute to the efficiency of the W.F.A.

There are now 250 women fire-fighters in N.S.W. They were recruited from the W.A.N.S. The formation of the auxiliary was in the hands of Mr. T. J. Smith, president of the Board of Fire Commissioners, who was anxious to have a group of women who could, in the event of a national emergency, take over a fire station in order to receive and give alarms, and so release every available man for the purpose of fire-fighting.

The age limit for members of the W.F.A. is 35, which means that mostly married women have enlisted. Therefore the majority of members are engaged in home duties, and could quickly commence their duty at their stations should an emergency occur.

Accordingly, as soon as they had finished their training at Fire Brigade Headquarters, they were detailed to carry out watchroom duties at the metropolitan stations. An effort was made to send them to the stations in their own districts.

At Crow's Nest District Station, 13 women are on the roster for nightly duty of two hours. They commence at 7.30 and sign off at 9.30. They work in pairs, and each woman attends once a week.

They are working under the direction of Mr. J. Goodwin, District Officer. He has the highest praise for the smart manner in which the duties are carried out.

The 13 women who share the watchroom duty are: Mesdames I. Colwell, G. McManus, H. Christey, G. Attley, E. Clements, M. Robins, B. Butel, E. Smith, V. Henderson, O. Lane, V. Pike, B. Francis, and Miss E. Pooley.

They take every telephone call which comes to the station, and they come in at a rate of two and three a minute. Every call is listed in the

occurrence book, which is actually a complete record of every incident which takes place at the fire station.

Typical entries made by Mrs. B. Butel during her watchroom duty read: "7.30—Mrs. Butel commences duty. 7.33—Drill for reserved firemen commences at Manly sub-station. 7.45—Outbreak of fire at Pymble. Sub-station instructed."

"Since we have been doing watchroom duty we have often taken a call of fire and given the alarm," said Mrs. Butel. "The alarm is given by bells ringing in every quarter of the station."

As well as working on the switchboard they control the automatic fire-sprinkler alarm, an apparatus which records alarms when fires



MRS. B. BUTEL, on watchroom duty, makes an entry in the fire station's occurrence book, while Mr. J. Goodwin, District Officer, looks on.

break out in buildings equipped with the automatic sprinklers.

Most of the women doing this work are housewives, few of whom have had office experience. Notwithstanding this, they quickly learnt how to manage a large switchboard.

"We have had the fullest co-operation from the men," said Mrs. M. Robins. "They have been most willing to explain the complete organisation of a fire station, and our instructors have been more than helpful at our weekly drill night."

"We are taught the same fire brigade drill as the men and learn to extinguish fires with hoses and hydrants. Drill night is Wednesday," she added.

The first public appearance of the W.F.A. will be on November 28, when they will march with the Fire Brigade Unit on "Prisoners of War Day." Two hundred and fifty will take part. They will be led by Miss Lola Douglas, who is now their commandant. This position was formerly held by Miss Stella Swinney, who last week was appointed assistant-commandant in the Women's Army.

The first testing of their efficiency will come on December 13, when they will be at their posts in the stations working in conjunction with the Fire Brigade during the State-wide N.E.S. test.

Last week 80 women sat for the proficiency certificate examination. Their examiner was Deputy Fire Chief Mr. W. H. Beare, who has recently established a branch of the W.F.A. at Newcastle.

Branches will shortly be organised at Armidale and Wollongong.

### Hospital equipment goes to R.A.N.

A LARGE batch of hospital equipment has just been completed by the Red Cross Paper Mache Auxiliary for the Royal Australian Navy, and it will immediately be delivered to the ships.

Fifty women work at the auxiliary's rooms at Edward Arnold's every day, and in their honor Miss L. E. Armstrong, the director, has arranged a Christmas party which will be given at the Wentworth Hotel on December 11.

She extends the invitation to every woman who has ever worked at the auxiliary, whether or not she is continuing with the work.

All those who will be able to attend are asked to ring M2121.



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# Numbered Hours

Continued from page 32

**B**ACK it came—that grey, premonitory feeling that Fate had its finger on her, that her hours were numbered. Her hands clenched.

"What do you mean by that, exactly?"

"Only that I'm one of those born fools who always make a muck of everything!" He lighted his cigarette, and they went on, slowly, down the steps together. "You see, every job I've had to date I've managed to botch. My own fault, I admit, but—my uncle's a bit fed up with me. This last year, though, I've really tried to pull my socks up. I've been working as commission salesman for a motor company in Piccadilly. There's no future to it but a few months back a chap offered me a half-share in a car gadget he'd invented.

"I won't bore you with the details, but the thing's a marvel. The chap only offered to let me in on out of friendship, and because he's broke. The idea is that we manufacture on our own account.

"Well, I asked my uncle to shove up the money, and he put it this way: 'Show me a hundred in your bank account when you come out for your holiday, Joel, and I'll believe you mean business. I'll stake you on the gadget.'"

He threw away his cigarette. The gesture was savage. He went on. "It took every bit of money I had to get a four-month option on the gadget and when the time came to pile on out here I had exactly thirty pounds in the bank and couldn't raise another brass farthing. There were about ten days—only five, now—to go on the option. I knew my uncle meant exactly what he said. I had to show him a hundred of my own, or I didn't get a bean out of him.

"Well—you wouldn't know what it is to be desperate—"

"Wouldn't I?" Valerie whispered. Joel Shenton said, "Anyway, I decided it was all or nothing, and I came down a few days ahead and took a smack at the Casino. You say you saw me there, but did you see what happened? I had the filthiest luck! I was playing on two numbers, a cheval—seventeen and twenty-five. I came up several times on twenty-five, and was well in. Then there was a run against me, and the money seemed to go like greased lightning.

"I was playing high, yes, sticking to my two numbers; but it was amazing—I was cleaned out before I knew what was happening! And then—talk about Fate—will you believe me that, just as I was about to leave the table, seventeen began to come up. It came up three times in six spins, and right after that

twenty-five came up twice in succession!

"If I'd had only half a dozen jetons left, I'd have got my hundred quid, and to spare, because a cheval pays out seventeen times and I was increasing my stake each time I won! As it was—"

He broke off.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Valerie said. "Nothing!"

She forced herself to look away from him, to walk on at his side. She felt as though she wanted to scream. She had seen him robbed. She could have plucked his sleeve, warned him, saved those jetons for him. Instead, she had not only let him be robbed, but she had ended up by taking a "cut" of the proceeds—and spending it to save herself!

She didn't know how she was to tell him the truth. She couldn't tell him the truth!

Joel said, "Anyway, now you know why I went to the Casino. It was all right for you. You weren't a member of my aunt's household at the time. But me—if she finds out I've been there, bang goes any chance of her putting in a good word for me with Uncle Max when he arrives to-morrow night."

He added gloomily, "Not that anything's likely to come of it, even if she does."

Valerie said nothing. They walked back up the steps together. She was thinking hard of the money which the jetons stolen from Joel had won for the crook with the signet ring.

She saw again, in her mind's eye, the shower of big, flimsy banknotes falling on the counter of the Caisse, and it made her head swim with anger. She didn't know how much he had won, but there had been a good many thousand-franc notes among his collection, and the "cut" he had given her was paltry.

She thought, "If only there was some way I could shear him of those winnings!"

The money was Joel's, had been won with his jetons. He was entitled to it—if only there was some way she could get it for him.

She lay long awake that night, turning restlessly under her mosquito-curtain, thinking. And suddenly she saw what her one chance was: he thought that she was a crook, too.

She lay very still for a long time; and at lunch next day, alone with Joel, she asked him a blunt question:

"Will you come to the Casino with me—to-night?"

He stared at her. "The Casino? Do you want to get me in worse trouble—and risk your own job, as well? If my aunt—"

"She won't be back till midnight. She said so, I know"—she cursed the warmth which came into her cheeks—"I know it may not be quite the thing, going behind her back, but—I've a terribly good reason."

He peeled a peach thoughtfully. "I'm broke, you know."

"We shan't need money. Do come—please!"

He drew a long breath, looked at her quizzically. "All right. I'll come."

They walked down to the Casino after dinner. The domed building blazed with lights and with blossoms. They showed their passports, collected their cartes.

Valerie took Joel Shenton's arm as they walked through the foyer. Both wore evening dress. Valerie's slim back, her slender arms, were golden; her hair shone like honey, and her eyes like blue stars. She didn't look like a girl whose hours were numbered, but she felt like one. And the last glittering sands were running out fast.

There was no sign of the man with the signet ring in the foyer. Nor in the salles des jeux, already crowded, with all tables in play. Her heart sank. She had counted on his being here.

She looked up at Joel. "Will you buy me a drink?"

He grinned. "I can just about run to that."

**T**HEY walked into the cafe off the rooms—and a small, glass globe seemed to burst in the region of Valerie's heart.

The man with the signet ring sat at a table to the left of the door. His eyes were on her, but not the slightest flicker betrayed recognition. Impassive, he raised his coffee-cup to his lips; she felt his eyes following her as she walked to the bar with Joel.

She moistened her lips. "Do you mind putting your arm round me?"

He gave her an astonished look—and put an arm about her shoulders. "That's not hard, anyway. That's nice. But I wish—"

"M'sieu?" the waiter said.

Valerie said, "Fine," and Joel ordered two fines.

Valerie watched the reflection of the man with the signet ring in the mirror behind the bar. She said carefully, trying to control a certain breathlessness, "Drink your fine, then go out and get a taxi and wait for me opposite the Casino."

Joel sighed. "I give it up," he said. "But anything you say!"

He emptied his glass and walked out of the cafe.

Valerie took her own glass and carried it across to the table where the man with the signet ring sat. He rose, pulled out a chair for her—said, his lips close to her hair, "Mary had a little lamb—but I saw him first!" He looked at her unsmilingly as he sat down. "What's the game?"

Valerie looked down into her glass. "I got rid of him for two minutes so that I could tell you. I was glad to see you."

"Why?"

She was keeping an iron grip on herself. She raised her eyes to his. "Do you realise who he is?"

"Who is he?"

Valerie smiled. "You're not so smart!" She glanced across at the door, leaned forward slightly. "Listen," she said. "He eats out of my hand, and I'm going to shake him down for plenty. But I need help. Have you got any money?"

She glanced again anxiously towards the door, but not so anxiously that she didn't, out of the corner of her eye, see him take out his wallet.

"How much do you want?"

Valerie took the wallet from his hand and rose—all in one smooth, swift movement.

"Wait here!" she said.

She didn't look back. She didn't dare. She had done it! How long before he realised he had been bluffed? Triumph and panic fused together in her. She had to keep a rigid grip on herself to avoid hurrying too much in passing through

the salles des jeux, the foyer. The distance seemed interminable. She tingled from head to heel. Still she dared not look back.

She came out at last on to the Casino steps. There, across the road, under a palm tree, was parked a yellow taxi—with Joel Shenton's equally yellow head thrust from the window. Her heart rose. It sang. Revenge was sweet—sweet! She not only had his wallet. She had left him two fines to pay for. It was poetic.

Joel stepped out to hold the taxi door for her. Valerie ducked in a flurry of powder-blue skirt, a flicker of midnight-blue slippers.

"Anywhere," she told the driver, breathlessly. "Towards the Plage Larvotte!" She thrust the wallet into Joel's hands as he dropped into the cushioned seat beside her. "Here—this is yours!"

"Mine?"

"Your hundred pounds—I hope! He won it for you, with your own jetons, the other night!"

She turned to look out of the window—and went rigid. Not wanting to lead the crook, if he followed, straight to Lady Kinsellen's, she had said, at random, Larvotte. The choice was unfortunate, for the taxi had to turn—and the driver was turning it by the simple process of swinging in low gear, hooting, right round the square. This brought him past the foot of the Casino steps, where the man with the signet ring was waiting.

Joel was still saying, over and over, staring blankly at the wallet, "Oh, Lord! Oh, my Lord!"

Valerie said urgently to the driver: "Hurry! Hurry!"

But it was too late. The man with the signet ring stepped on to the running-board, twisted the door open, and ducked in. The driver stopped with a jerk, involuntarily. He said, with violence, "Sieu—"

but Joel interrupted him. "Excuse me, Miss More," he said—"pardon me, Bill, I don't want to be in this!" Dropping the wallet in Valerie's lap, he ducked out of the door on his side. He put his head through the window.

"Shenton's the name, all right. Miss More, but I'm no relation of Lady Kinsellen's, and the motor-gadget was eyewash. Bill Hallam here will explain all. Me, I'm ducking for cover. Don't be too hard on Bill. The bloke loves you!"

"Joel!" Valerie cried, but Hallam had spoken to the driver and the taxi had started forward. Joel was gone.

Valerie turned swiftly on Bill Hallam. "You two know each other!" It was accusation; it was indictment.

And Bill Hallam admitted, "Since we were little kids."

"Then you didn't really pick his pocket?"

"Pick his pocket?" Bill Hallam said. "We had been picking each other's pockets all the evening! We'd agreed to pool!"

"You had agreed—you—" Valerie closed her eyes for a moment. She drew a long breath, opened her eyes, said dangerously: "Wouldn't it have been more decent to explain that when I—"

"When you tackled me? Look—" Bill Hallam said. "I didn't know what you were, that night. I didn't know whether you were a crook or—just down on your luck. I decided I'd let you go on thinking me crooked till I'd made up my mind about you."

"Then why did you leave me flat in the Cafe de Paris?"

"Why? Because I saw Joel coming out of the Casino. He knew I'd be in the cafe. He'd have come across, and the moment he spoke to me you'd have realised how you had misconstrued things. I'd pretty well made up my mind that you were all right—just down on your luck. I was in the money myself. I'd decided to help you—to the extent of five hundred francs or so."

"But you mightn't have taken it if you had realised I was straight."

"So you left me," Valerie said, "to think otherwise. You gave the waiter that money for me, and slipped round to head Joel off? That's it, isn't it?"

She was determined to get to the bottom of it; she was furious with herself and with him.

Bill Hallam admitted, "That's exactly it. I collected Joel, and we lit out. I thought that was the end of it. I meant it to be. I

## The answer is—

- 1—First Polish Minister to Australia.
- 2—Yes.
- 3—All of them.
- 4—Tail.
- 5—He wore iron armor.
- 6—Non-persistent.
- 7—Spell badly.
- 8—Wing-Commander.
- 9—"The Swiss Family Robinson."
- 10—Timor.

Questions on page 32

never dreamed it was going to matter two straws to me what you thought I was, or that I was going to be gnawed at all the time by curiosity about you. But, darn it, that's how it went. I just couldn't get you out of my mind!"

Valerie said nothing. He went on quickly:

"I had to see you again, and I thought that if you were hard up, one of those little hotels in the Rue des Oliviers would be the most likely place to find you. I went down there next morning and hit the right place first go. The madame knew you at once, from my description. She said you'd just left, and that you'd told her you had a job with Lady Kinsellen—and, my lord, she hinted things about you that

"Well, I knew Lady K—everyone in Monte Carlo knows her—and I couldn't help wondering if I oughtn't at least to find out if you were all right. I called on Lady K., and she said she didn't really know anything about you. And—well . . ."

"I see. You fixed it up between yourselves, Lady Kinsellen, and you and Joel, to test me," Valerie said—"Joel posing as Lady Kinsellen's nephew, and telling a sob-stuff story so that it would seem that somebody had really suffered from that 'robbery' of which I'd taken a cut!"

Bill Hallam said apologetically, "We wanted to see what you'd do. It looked bad when you asked Joel to come to the Casino—and worse when you asked me for money. Gosh, you did that well! Joel had phoned me to be at the Casino, but I couldn't see your game, right up to the moment you took my wallet."

"Even then, I never dreamed—not till the moment I saw you join him in the taxi—that it was for him you'd taken it! I dropped ten years on the spot!"

Valerie drew a long, long breath. She seemed to be dropping a year or two herself—a year a minute, practically.

But still there was something wrong; something, subtly, was missing.

The taxi rattled on along the Boulevard des Bas Moulins. On the right, over the parapet, the sea murmured, serene and silver.

Bill Hallam said: "Valerie . . ."

His hand found hers, but she drew it away. She told the driver to stop, and got out.

"Do you mind?" she said to Bill Hallam, through the window. "I rather want to walk—alone. My head—It was nice of you to give me the five hundred that night. I'll return it."

He nodded slowly, his face impassive, dark. He said, "I think I understand." He didn't smile. "Good night, Valerie."

The taxi drove on. She didn't know what had made her get out. It was as if some instinct had moved her.

She looked back along the way they had come. Another taxi was approaching. She turned and leaned on the parapet, looked out over the moon-washed, glimmering water. But she didn't see it. She was tense, her heart stifling.

The second taxi stopped behind her.

She turned, walking slowly towards it. The door swung open, and a voice said, "I tagged along. Bill saw you first, but I hoped that after he'd got his say in—there might be just a chance for me."

A hand reached out to her from the shadows. And suddenly Valerie knew what it was that she had been waiting for. She knew what would make all things right.

There was no need of words. She took the hand and was drawn out of the moonlight, into the dimness of the taxi—with Joel.

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**A little MISCHIEF**  
makes the party go . . . !



Only a fragrance . . . but a fragrance that's 'got something'. Makes you feel smart . . . makes you look gay . . . makes HIM feel romantic! Very chic . . . very 'interesting' . . . and not very costly. And it ALWAYS keeps fresh . . . on frocks, furs, undies, hankies.

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CFD-112



# Short-wave proposal interrupted a permanent wave

Pretty hairdresser rushed to cable "YES"

"YES. AM HAPPIEST GIRL IN WORLD. THRILLED WITH MESSAGE. LONGING FOR YOUR RETURN. PRAY YOU'RE WELL AND HAPPY. ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU. NAN."

That's the answer pretty Nan Mitchell, of Melbourne, sent Gunner Leonard Woolcock, prisoner of war, when he proposed via Vatican radio.

"And I haven't told anybody but The Australian Women's Weekly just what I said," she told me when I saw her.

HER grey-green eyes dancing with happiness, Nan Mitchell was still simmering with excitement when I called in the lunch hour at her busy beauty parlor.

"I still feel in a dream," she said.

"I was busy doing a permanent wave when the telephone rang.

"I picked up the telephone hurriedly, thinking it was probably someone wanting to make an appointment.

"A strange voice said: 'Is that Miss Nan Mitchell? I have just been fiddling around with the wireless, and I picked up an Italian radio station. A message came over for a Miss Nan Mitchell, of Prospect Hill Road, Camberwell.'

"Whoever could be sending me a message over the Vatican radio?" I wondered, and thanked the caller, and went on with the job.

"Again the phone rang.

"Another kindly stranger on the line. He had the same story to tell, but this time he had taken it in shorthand.

"I read: 'Safe and well, remember sunshine always follows rain. Always thinking of you. Humbly propose engagement. Cable Vatican City.'

"This time I got thoroughly excited. Could it possibly be Len sending me a message?

"I rushed over and hugged mother. The next thing I was frantically ringing the Melbourne branch of the Apostolic Delegation which re-



MISS NAN MITCHELL, who was doing a "perm" in her Melbourne beauty salon when news of a radio proposal was telephoned to her.

ceives the broadcasts from Vatican radio.

"The phone rang continuously all day with other kind folk conveying the message.

"The next two days were torture (I hope they weren't torture for my clients, too!). My head was in the clouds.

"Then came the official confir-

By the  
Melbourne  
Representative  
of The  
Australian  
Women's  
Weekly.



GUNNER LEONARD WOOLCOCK, prisoner of war, who proposed to Nan Mitchell, of Melbourne, by Vatican radio.

He was taken prisoner in the evacuation from Crete.

The transport was torpedoed, and Leonard was with survivors sighted by an Italian Red Cross plane and rescued by motor boats.

He was ten hours in the water before being picked up.

Now he is a prisoner at Balzano, Italy.

Since then Miss Mitchell has had only two letters from him, 24 lines each, sent through the Red Cross.

They were enough to convey a note of romance that culminated in the Vatican message.

"Only flaw was that I had to choose my own engagement ring," she said. "Still, it was a very exciting moment, though I would have loved Len's help.

"I chose one that I knew he would like, two diamonds set with smaller ones.

"But the fact that Len is safe and well means more to me than any ring."

mation from Sydney with an enclosure for my reply.

"Did I make a rush for pen and ink?"

Nan is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mitchell, of Camberwell. Her twin brother, Russell, is in the army, and another brother, Graham, is married and lives in Melbourne.

She met Leonard Woolcock only six months before he left Australia.

"We met at a dance," she said.

"My lucky star must have been shining, for I had already promised to go in another party, whose plans were changed at the last minute.

"In the new party I met Len. We were interested in each other immediately.

"We had so much in common, and were both keen on books and golf.

"The only thing we disagreed on was my knitting. The poor darling just couldn't bear my hand-knitted socks so I concentrated on scarves and pullovers."

Six-foot, blue-eyed Leonard Woolcock, who bears a distinct resemblance to the Duke of Gloucester, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Woolcock, of Hawthorn.

## Vatican made radio history

RADIO history was made this year in Vatican City, neutral state of 108 acres in the heart of enemy Italy, when the Vatican radio first broadcast in English last June giving news of Australians and New Zealand prisoners of war.

The radio called Archbishop Panico, Apostolic Delegate to Australia, who has since been instrumental in tracing many men in Italy's prison camps. Messages of cheer and courage have come to Australia this way, and the latest messages radioed brought romance to Nan Mitchell from Len Woolcock.



## END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before retiring. There is no gripping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning Figen acts . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/31 a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

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FOR CONSTIPATION

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Corn lifts out

Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-Ice . . . you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then work so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. Frozol-Ice is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. All chemists and stores . . .

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Without Razors,  
Electric Needles or  
Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away before the skin surface. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try the dabby sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New VERT. Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New VERT. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/7 and 4/2 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.



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## bring on INDIGESTION

Most of us are working long hours—and who is free from worry just now? Overwork and worry play havoc with the delicate digestive organs. Appetite goes. Even a well-cooked meal may give you heartburn, flatulence or pain, instead of building up strength and energy.

Don't neglect those danger signals. Tackle your indigestion at once with De Witt's Antacid Powder, the remedy

which corrects stomach trouble scientifically in three stages. First it neutralises excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest your food—so relieving the weakened stomach. That's why De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly stops indigestion and then restores a healthy appetite.

No matter how long you have suffered, you will soon be eating what you like—enjoying every meal.

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ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters,  
**ANTACID POWDER**





# Summer Afternoon

Continued from page 5

THAT was what had happened to those four letters, then, Arthur Phillips had assumed he must have destroyed them and forgotten all about it—his cursed memory again. He passed a hand across his forehead, found he was sweating. The heat, of course, but he noticed Palante grin triumphantly at the action.

"Look here!" he said, suddenly harsh and domineering. "What have my private affairs, or Mrs. Maguire's, got to do with you?"

"Nothing, old boy, nothing! Keep calm. Just wondered if her husband knew. It's his private affair, too, you must admit, until the decree is made absolute."

"Let's get this straight. You have followed me about and guess Marjorie Maguire and I love each other—"

"Not guess. Know. And with the proofs—"

"Are you going to tell her husband, or aren't you?"

An amazed hand was raised in protest. "My dear fella, of course not! I'm not a spool-sport."

"Then what on earth—"

"Well, it's like this. I'm thinking of doing a little speculating."

Arthur Phillips jumped up angrily. "Give me those letters you stole, or I'll send for the police." Even as he spoke he realised that he would do no such thing, and added quickly: "Where are they?"

The other man also swiftly rose. He towered broad-shouldered over the slight scientist and laughed as he deliberately emphasised their big physical disparity. Then he tapped his pocket. "Quite safe here! And you haven't a chance of taking them from me by force. So you must think of some other way of getting them."

"Are you trying to blackmail me?"

"Good lord, no! What a disgusting word! As I was saying, I'm thinking of doing some speculating on Change. Got a good tip. Only needs capital. I thought you might like to come in on it with me—"

"Go on!"

"I mean, you've got a screw that would make an Indian rajah jealous. You could easily spare something—"

say a couple of thousand—and then we'd clean up . . ." He ran on, hypocritically persuasive, as though he were really trying to enlist the other's support.

But Arthur Phillips only sat there in stunned amazement. He'd never met a real blackmailer before. They existed—in novels and in police court reports—but it wasn't the sort of thing one encountered oneself.

"Well, about my little proposition?"

"Eh? Oh! I don't know." An extraordinary indifference to the conversation was stealing over Phillips. The day was blazing hot and he suddenly felt bored with the whole incident, anxious to get back to his work, which was really important.

He tried to pull himself together—no blackmail victim ought to be so apathetic—but he just couldn't interest himself. His mind experienced one of its sharp switches, abandoned completely consideration of Marjorie's letters and Mr. Palante, and became perversely busy with the

knotty point in the experiment he'd been trying out when intruded upon . . . He suddenly saw a new possible line of approach to it and walked into the laboratory and began a test, quite absorbed.

Palante followed, astounded. "Look here, old man, pay attention to me."

Phillips continued to juggle with a large test-tube and bottles.

"You'd better, you know. Otherwise those letters will go to her husband." Phillips merely switched a bunsen under a flask, poured the test-tube's contents in and watched.

Palante, suddenly, angrily, seized his arm. "You can't put me off like this," he was beginning, when the other rounded on him. The flask and clamp fell over, smashed.

"Curse you! I'll have to do that all over again. Get out or I'll—"

The other recoiled an instant, then laughed derisively. "You'll throw me out, was that it? You and who else? Why, I could knock you cold in ten seconds. Not that I'm going to: the point is you can't do it to me. I'll go out by myself and I'll go straight to Captain Maguire with these." He again tapped his pocket.

Arthur Phillips, already busy repairing the damage, did not take in half of this, but at the last words he stopped what he was doing and with an effort recalled his mind to the problem of Palante. He thought a moment. "I suppose I'd better pay you," he said mildly. "After all, you're wasting a lot of my time." He went to his office.

"Attabo! Thought you'd see reason," Palante chuckled.

"A cheque?" he said a moment later. "Too bad! I thought you might have the stuff in a safe or something." He tucked it away in his cigarette case. "Well, it means you'll have to wait till Monday for the letters."

"Monday? Why?"

"Do you think I'm a fool? Because you'll stop the cheque if you get them now."

Quite frankly, this hadn't occurred to Phillips. And somehow it was the last straw. He'd have to give his full attention to this matter. "One moment!" he said authoritatively. "I want to think."

"I CAN'T wait," Palante said peremptorily, beginning to move towards the door.

"Don't go," cut in Phillips, "or I'll stop the cheque and be hanged to you." He obviously meant it and Palante hesitated. He wanted the money. "I must get this experiment going again."

He started taking bottles down, mixing, filling flasks, corking them tightly, arranging peculiar apparatus. "I may have some money in the safe, so you'd better wait," he added, in such a quiet voice of reasonable authority that the other came back and stood beside him in silence.

For a while Phillips was busy, then he said: "There, everything is ready for my experiment," went over to the door, locked it and took the key. "Now we can talk," he went on, as he came back to the far side of the bench.

"What's the idea of locking the door?"

"I don't want to be disturbed. You see, I'm not going to give you any money and you're going to give me those letters."

The other laughed. "Not likely, old man. But if you've got any reasonable sum in the safe, I may do a deal; save risking the cheque."

"I've got nothing in the safe."

"Then unlock the door," Phillips shook his head. "Or I'll come and get that key . . ." The words died on his lips as he saw the key spin glittering through the open window, arking down to the yard below. Calmly Phillips picked up a flask.

"What is this fool game?" The bluster held puzzled uneasiness. He looked at the apparatus on the bench between them. "Were you just fooling about getting an experiment ready?"

"Oh, no, I wasn't. It's ready. Now give me the letters."

"Come and get 'em!"

"You know I'm not big enough—physically." His voice was precise and metallic and the usually dreamy eyes were concentrated in the pale clear-cut face. "But I'm big enough—mentally."

"You're talking nonsense." "No. I simply mean I'm cleverer than you. I'm going to use my own weapons—my brain and my knowledge. See this!"

# HE

held up the flask. "Know what's in it?"

"What's that got to do with it?" "A lot. It's concentrated H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>. But as you said you knew nothing about chemistry, I'll give it its other name. Vitriol!"

"Vitriol!" The other recoiled, eyes suddenly fixed on the fragile glass sphere.

"Yes." With his other hand he picked up a small jar, half full. "So is this." He tilted a little out on the floor. It ran oozily over the surface, then there was a faint hissing and fumes rose as the concentrated acid bit into the wood. He put the jar down.

"That's what it would do to your clothes and body and face if I were to hit you on the head with it." He raised the flask menacingly.

Palante drew back in horror from the hissing pool and its rising fumes. "You—you wouldn't dare." His arrogant self-confidence was peeling from him. "Why, you'd—you'd . . ." he clutched wildly at a straw . . . "you'd get it on yourself, too—your hands."

"Ah, but I know the right stuff to put on to counteract it. You don't. That's it!" He pointed to another jar, and the other began a stealthy movement. "Or again, it mightn't be. It might be an even stronger acid, a solution of irritant salts which would maim you even further. You see, you just don't know."

The other stopped, tried to collect himself. "You can't do this sort of thing," he said hoarsely. "You're mad!"

"Then there's this dodge," Phillips was saying. "I think I've improvised rather well, but then, as you said, I'm one of those brainy fellows. Glass splinters impregnated with a little-known but swift and deadly poison—C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>5</sub>CO<sub>2</sub>C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>5</sub>. A deadly poison. A scratch with one of these—and good-bye to you." He leaned earnestly across the bench.

"Don't think I'm bluffing. Believe me, nothing would be easier to explain than your death here, because as I'd have the letters back by then and as we're really strangers, there'd be no possible motive attributable. Just an unfortunate accident. And it's going to happen unless I get those letters."

But Albert Palante had had enough. It wasn't his idea of blackmail. With an oath to cover up his fear, he drew out a small packet and flung it on the bench.

"You win!" he snarled. "Now put that stuff down."

Phillips, however, did not relinquish the flask. He checked the letters. They were all the missing ones. He put them in the bunsen flame and reduced them to a crinkle of ash. "Yes, that's all right . . . Oh, one minute! Better have the cheque—I'm quite likely to forget to stop it." He reached across, quickly put his hand into the other's breast pocket and drew out the cigarette case, slipping it into his own, while Palante's anxious gaze was still riveted to the glass sphere.

"How do I get out?" was all he said, as it was at last placed carefully on the bench.

Phillips went to his coat and took out a key. "I always keep spares in my pocket," he said mildly, handing it over. "I'm so confoundedly forgetful. Leave it in the door, will you . . .?"

As the other's hurried footsteps died away on the stone stairs, Phillips began to clear away the mess of apparatus, smiling to himself. C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>5</sub>CO<sub>2</sub>C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>5</sub>, the little-known deadly poison! The first formula that came into his head—nothing more terrible than Diphenyl Ketone. Why, the name was the worst part!

Next moment he had forgotten everything in the resumption of his experiment.

He did not really recall it till he was with Marjorie that night and dived into his pocket to offer her a cigarette.

"Congratulations!" she suddenly said with her warm chuckle. "So you've really remembered to get it then?"

After a puzzled moment staring at the gold cigarette case in her hand, Arthur Phillips suddenly threw back his head and laughed out loud. Blackmailers, he was thinking, often failed to get tangible results—but it was seldom they actually lost financially on the deal.

"Yes, I managed at last to pick one up," he said, and with a sudden surprise added: "And, by gosh, I had my initials put on it too." He raised his glass to Albert Palante's god-parents. Difficult to explain things to Marjorie, if they'd called him Marmaduke!

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## It's thrilling families everywhere

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YOUR WHOLE BODY



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Men, women, children—they all go for Guardian with its creamy, so-tangy Triple Action Lather! It's a real health soap, you see. That sparkling clean-smelling lather floats stale stickiness clean out of your pores . . . gives your whole body a real "wake-up" bracer! And thanks to its mild medication, Guardian gets rid of germs as well as dirt! Yes, now you get real protection and a grand new pleasure in bathing, all at the same time! Ask your store for Guardian to-day—it's a rich, generous-sized cake for the money.



# DEEDS THAT THRILLED AUSTRALIA!



1 **AMID THE FURY OF THE GRECIAN ATTACK NAZI BOMBERS ATTACK AN AUSTRALIAN MACHINE-GUN BATTALION AT SERVA PASS. THEY SWOOP DOWN, DIVE-BOMBING AND MACHINE-GUNNING OUR TROOPS.**

2 **CORPORAL EDWARD BRYANT OF N.S.W., AND PRIVATE ALFRED EDWIN PASCOE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA MAN AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN. IT IS QUITE UNPROTECTED... BUT WITH NO HEED FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY THEY WORK THE GUN.**

3 **"THE BOMBERS PASS OVER IN WAVE AFTER WAVE. BUT BRYANT AND PASCOE KEEP UP A RUNNING FIRE. THEY BRING ONE PLANE DOWN IN FLAMES... DRIVE OTHERS OFF... STICK GRIMLY TO THEIR GUN UNTIL THE ATTACK CEASES. THEIR GALLANT STAND WINS EACH MAN THE MILITARY MEDAL."**

\* Readers are invited to send in to The Australian Women's Weekly suggested subjects for "Deeds That Thrilled Australia." Letters from men in the services often tell of unsung heroes whose deeds should be made more widely known. Endorse your envelope "Thrilling Deeds." For The Australian Women's Weekly addresses see pattern page.



CAPPY RICKS, the character portrayed by Lou Vernon.

## Lovable Cappy Ricks now on the air

Cappy Ricks, that grand old man of fiction, now comes to radio portrayed by Lou Vernon.

"Cappy" has had a world-wide following since he first stormed into the pages of Peter B. Kyne's novels, shouting for his right-hand man Skinner. Stories of Cappy Ricks have romance, natural comedy, the tang of the sea.

WELL-KNOWN critics have said that no one understands old men as much as the author of "Cappy."

People of the old man's

generation love him because he has done the things they themselves never had the chance to do. Young people like Cappy's stories for their quick wit and lovable characters, who are as they themselves would like to be.

Peter B. Kyne is able to express what millions feel. He shares their sympathies, aspirations, loyalties. He epitomises those traits in which we all take such pride—business ability, quick thinking, resourcefulness, integrity and sense of humor.

From the four novels and hundreds of magazine stories written by Peter B. Kyne, the radio adaptation has been written under the guidance of the author himself. This ensures that the radio version is just as his thousands of followers would wish it to be.

### Supporting cast

A BIG cast of Australian actors brings to life the long gallery of unforgettable portraits that people the pages of "Cappy Ricks." Apart from Lou Vernon's portrayal of Cappy Ricks himself, Lloyd Lambie plays Mat Peasley, the deep-water sailor, who makes good as first mate of one of Cappy's sailing vessels, and fights with and for Cappy until he becomes president of the Blue Star Navigation Company and candidate for the hand of his daughter.

Cast as Florrie Ricks, the apple of her father's eye, and in her own way just as shrewd as he, is Irene Harpur. Charles McCallum plays John Skinner, and the two fighting Irishmen, Mike Murphy and Terence Beardon, are played by Marshall Crosby and Ronald Morse. Others in the large cast include Frank Bradley, Iris Moore, Ron Randall, Colin McCallister, George Blackshaw.

"Cappy Ricks" is heard from 2GB four evenings a week, Monday to Thursday, at 6.15.

### Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, lousy or ragged—if he is listless, won't eat or is out of sorts—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powders. He will soon be lively and eating with his old healthy appetite. BARKO tones up a dog's whole system and benefits his coat.

1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM STATION 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, November 19.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.  
THURSDAY, November 20.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.  
FRIDAY, November 21.—"Musical Alphabet."  
SATURDAY, November 22.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mystery."  
SUNDAY, November 23.—Harold Campbell-Cowie: Talk on War Dogs.  
MONDAY, November 24.—With the A.I.P. Overseas.  
TUESDAY, November 25.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.



## REMEMBER YOUR HINDS —and forget your hands

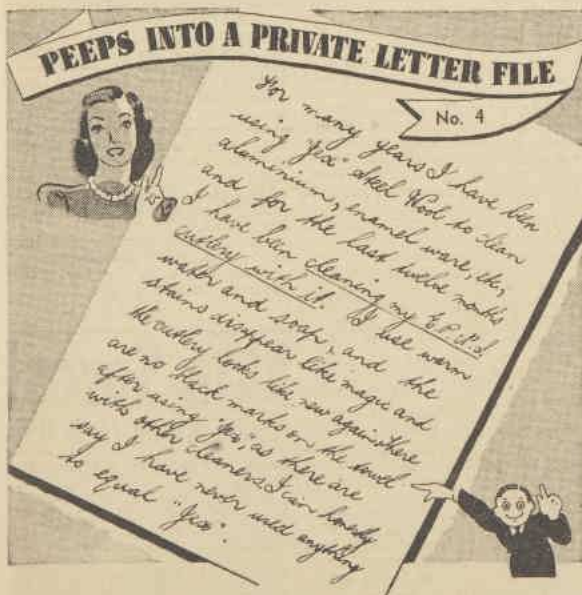
Remember your Hinds last thing every night and you'll quickly forget to be ashamed of your hands—you'll forget you ever avoided touching others' hands—you'll forget the embarrassing consciousness that your hands are "woody"! You'll have extra confidence, extra attractiveness—for men there's no greater allure than soft, smooth, "feminine" hands. Hinds quickly ends roughness, redness, and the "mannishness" that comes from golf, tennis, gardening, exposure, housework and other hand-hardeners!

Buy large size (2/2). Four times the quantity for only twice the price of small size (1/1).

### HINDS WANTED!



### LAST THING EVERY NIGHT



STILL another use for "JEX"! That, we think, will be your comment on reading this, the fourth letter in the series—"Peeps Into a Private Letter File." Enthusiastic users of "JEX" Steel Wool keep telling us of the many ways in which they put "JEX" to service, and their letters are the very strongest recommendation for "JEX"—THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES... Full instructions in booklet with each packet.



**JEX**  
9 PADS IN EVERY PACKET

Obtainable everywhere for a FEW PENCE Per Packet.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK - use JEX



# "O" course I've enjoyed them. Wouldn't you—after three years in the wilds? But to live forever in a whirl of cocktails and dance bands and fast cars and silly nicknames—no thank you!

"I love you," she said again. "You'll forget me. You'll drink a bit more and drive a bit faster, and that will be that."

"Oh, Guy, won't you give me a chance?"

"What's the good? You've lived too softly, like all your crowd. All you think of is enjoying yourself. You couldn't stand Laughing River for five minutes."

"If things had been different—"

"If things had been different, well, they would have been different."

She stared at him and read the answer in his eyes. "If things had been different he might have loved her."

"Let's go home," she said.

"They went—at ninety miles an hour."

"So what?" Audrey said.

"He won't spend any more leave in London," Lisa stated.

"Just that. He thought I wasn't any good."

"Cheek!" said Audrey.

Lisa didn't answer, and after a moment Audrey changed the subject.

"I've had a letter from Aunt Josephine," she said. "If the raids get very bad, she's offering us a refuge."

"Where?" Lisa asked without much interest.

"Down on the farm, dearie. Back in the old home where our mother came from—Spiceland Farm—in the wilds of Cornwall."

"What a scream!" said Lisa.

Their mother had been a Cornish woman. The daughter of a prosperous farmer, she had married a young man on holiday—and never looked back. Her daughters had never seen the old stone house in the remote upland valley.

"Aunt Josephine says she is all

alone," Audrey went on. "They have let off the land since Uncle Tom died, and she only has the house. So there would be plenty of room for me and the children."

"I suppose she means well."

"Oh, yes. But imagine it! There isn't even a bathroom!"

"It's only a joke," Lisa said.

But there came a time when it wasn't a joke any longer. Audrey had refused to evacuate her children. Her husband being in a reserved occupation had to stay in London and she didn't want to leave him. She made no parade of it, but—she was staying put.

But in the summer, when the raids got bad, she changed her mind. She rang Lisa up one morning and said: "Look here, Lisa, I need you."

"What's up?"

"I'm clearing out. The infants haven't had a night's sleep for a week. And, well—I'm going to have another."

"Oh, Audrey!"

"I know. You needn't say it. The point is, will you help me?"

"How?"

"Come with me to Aunt Josephine's. I can't tackle it alone. Not with a three-year-old and a two-year-old and another on the way."

"Get a nurse."

"We're broke. I can't afford one," said Audrey wearily.

"What about my A.R.P.?" Lisa asked.

"Can't you get a substitute?"

"I'll try."

She went with them, of course. Audrey's appeal was one you couldn't disregard. She wouldn't have cried for help if she hadn't been desperate.

It was a nightmare journey. The trains were crowded to the roof, and late and slow. It was impossible to get anything to eat and both little boys cried a good deal. Don was sick twice.

"So this is war," Lisa said.

"And how!" Audrey agreed.

It was dark when they got to Falmouth, but they found a car to take them the last fifteen miles.

"Did you let Aunt Josephine know?" Lisa asked.

"I sent a wire. If it got through," Audrey answered.

They lost the way several times.

"It's sort of unknown country, out here," the driver apologized.

"Are you telling us?" said Lisa.

But at last they jolted down a narrow lane and stopped.

"The world's end," Lisa said, as she knocked on the door.

Aunt Josephine was kind. She had had the telegram and she had made the beds.

"But there's not much to eat," she said, in a slow dreamy voice. "In fact nothing but bread and tomatoes. You see we only get groceries once a fortnight, and he came last week—"

her voice trailed away.

"Never mind," said Audrey.

"What we need most is sleep."

They woke next morning to a new world. A world stranger than anything they could have imagined. Beyond the farmhouse windows stretched rolling fields. There was no sign of any other house.

"How far are we from a town?" Lisa asked.

"It's seven miles to Westgate. There are four shops there and a post office. And then eight beyond that to Falmouth," said Aunt Josephine.

"What times do the buses run?"

"There aren't any."

"No buses! But—how do you shop?"

"We don't," said the dreamy voice. "Unless you like to walk. Or perhaps you have a bicycle?"

"No," said Lisa grimly. "I haven't."

"The tradesmen call," said Aunt Josephine. "The butcher comes twice a week. But we must send him a postcard. I haven't had much meat, living alone. Milk and vegetables we get from our good neighbors."

"Bread?" said Lisa faintly.

"I bake that. Luckily, I baked

yesterday. And we haven't run out of water yet."

"Do you often run out of water?"

"Every summer," said Aunt Josephine blithely. "At least, we used to when there were more people in the house. Didn't your mother ever tell you?"

"No," said Audrey.

Their mother had been reticent about her old life, always. Now they were beginning to understand why. It had been too uncomfortable to dwell upon compared with the London house.

When the children had been settled for their morning sleep, Audrey and Lisa held a council in their bedroom.

"It's too awful," Audrey said.

Lisa couldn't have told her. Some old inherited wisdom instructed her strong hands.

It wasn't as difficult to doctor a temperamental oil stove as to mend a car's engine. There was no more strength needed to do housework than to dance all night. Less perhaps. Soon she was seeking new worlds to conquer.

"Chickens, now," she said to Aunt Josephine. "Why don't we keep chickens? Eggs are an awful price."

"There is the hen run," the old woman said. "But—I don't know—"

"I do. I'll buy a few pullets to be going on with. Next spring we'll set our own."

"How did you know to set them in the spring?" Audrey asked.

"Someone must have told me," Lisa said vaguely.

Generations of farmers' wives, whose traditional task was the raising of poultry. Handed-down snippets of country wisdom about the feeding and the care of hens—how did she know them? Lisa couldn't have told. They were there, in some dim recess of her mind.

Her hair grew long and flapped about her shoulders.

Her gay linen trousers, made for lounging on fashionable beaches, wore out. She made others—too busy to worry about style or fit. She borrowed printed cotton aprons from Aunt Josephine.

"You know," she said, "I believe we could manage a cow."

"Can you milk?" Aunt Josephine asked. "It's not easy."

"I can learn," said Lisa.

The old woman looked at her strong fingers and nodded.

"I believe you could be a good milker. What I am wondering is what you found to do in a town, all these years."

"It's a mystery," said Lisa.

Wild parties, cocktails, the frenzied search for "something amusing to do." The chase for speed and excitement. It seemed like a bad dream now.

Audrey's child was born at Christmas. She had meant to have it in a nursing home in Falmouth. But a month before it was due she said: "Lisa—I can't! Not a town. Anything might happen to you in a town."

"Then have it here," Lisa said.

"Why not? Lots of babies have been born in this house."

So Audrey's daughter was born in the low-raftered room where her grandmother had first seen the light of day. And Lisa nursed her sister under the instruction of the district nurse.

"It's so easy," she said. "Why have we bothered with a complicated life so long?"

"I can't think," said Audrey.

They had almost forgotten the war. So when they saw a detachment of soldiers marching along the lane they were shocked and startled.

"They are billeted at our neighbors," Aunt Josephine said. (The information had been brought with the milk.) "Twenty men in the barn, poor souls. And Mrs. Jackson wondered if we had any spare blankets. She's sure they will be cold. Though they are Canadians, I believe, and perhaps they will be used to it."

"Canadians?" said Lisa.

FINEST black silk jersey for a trim little frock with pleated skirt. On the bodice are gay touches of embroidery in red, green, and yellow, and a yellow leather belt encircles the waist.

That great kitchen—and the pump! Did you see the pump, Lisa?

"I used it."

"How simply priceless!"

"I suppose," Lisa said, "that we'll have to go back."

And then Audrey cried, Lisa had never seen her sister cry since they shared a nursery. It terrified her.

"I can't go back!" Audrey said hysterically. "I can't! I can't! I go mad when I hear them overhead. And the children—"

Lisa drew a deep breath. Some words of Guy's came back to her. "You're no good for real life," he had said. "All you can do is drink and dance."

"We'll stay here," she said, "and we'll manage. Don't worry."

That afternoon, she walked into Falmouth. Fifteen miles over hilly lanes. She bought a bicycle and two baskets, and was humiliated because she fell off twice. It was very different from driving a racing car.

She dumped the baskets on the kitchen table and said to Aunt Josephine: "Please show me how to light the oil stove."

"It's very easy. I suppose you've been used to electricity?"

"Yes," said Lisa. "And to—several other things."

She had never thought about water before. It came out of taps, and that was all. But she learned about it now. It became the centre of life. She pumped it, and heated it for the children's baths and carried it outside and emptied it. There was no sink in the house. The washing-up was done in a bowl on the kitchen table.

"You remind me very much of your dear mother," Aunt Josephine said, watching her swing through the kitchen door with a bucket. "She had the same walk."

Their mother had known what it was like to live in the country. Lisa reflected. But she had never told her children.

"I suppose there are lots of places in England like this," Lisa said, "with no water and no electricity and no buses."

"We are a little more remote than some people, I daresay," said Aunt Josephine, "but—yes—most farms are fairly lonely."

Lisa had very little leisure. And she was glad. There was no time now to brood over a tall young man with very blue eyes. No time to rebel and grieve because he had thought her a useless fool. No need to stifle shamefaced tears and go out on a wild party to forget. Her hands were full enough without seeking distractions.

The long days slid by, filled with strange tasks. Cooking, cleaning, helping Audrey with the children. Drawing water. Chopping firewood.

"I never knew you'd been a Girl Guide," Audrey said once.

"I wasn't."

"Then how do you know so much?"

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"Canadians?" said Lisa.

SHE thought of a tall young man who had danced with her and despised her and gone away.

"Yes, Canadians," Aunt Josephine went on. "They're to be there a week, I believe."

"Canadians," Lisa said again.

She carried the blankets over to Mrs. Jackson's herself. Of course, there wasn't a chance in a thousand, but even so—miracles sometimes happened.

She stayed talking to Mrs. Jackson as long as she could, hoping to see some of the soldiers. Hoping to hear, at least, the familiar accent. But she saw no one, and turned at last towards the lane to Spiceland Farm. It was nearly dark, and for the first time for months she was conscious of being tired. She walked slowly her head bent, and did not see him coming until he was beside her.

"Excuse me—can you tell me the way to Mrs. Jackson's? There are soldiers billeted there, I believe—"

Canadiana.

She looked up and saw Guy. She couldn't speak.

He repeated his question, but his voice died in the middle of it. He stared at her.

"Yes," Lisa said at last. "It's me!"

She was suddenly conscious of her sun-bleached, ungroomed hair, of her ill-fitting slacks and old mackintosh, in which she fed the chickens. Of work-scattered hands.

"Lisa," said Guy wonderingly. "Lisa! Oh, my dear!"

"What—what are you doing?"

"Looking for some of our chaps. I've been on leave. But that doesn't matter." He caught her arm. "What on earth are you doing here?" he demanded.

She told him. In swift, short sentences. Stressing nothing, exaggerating nothing.

"And you're the girl I scolded!" Guy said when Lisa reached the end of her story. "But I didn't know."

"Neither did I."

He came to supper at Spiceland that night, and when Audrey and Aunt Josephine had gone to bed they sat beside the kitchen fire and smoked.

"What changed me? I'm the same person. Only I've found—other things to do."

"I was blind," he said. "I should have realised that the fault was in your life, and not in you. I should have known... I've been such a fool. Will you forgive me, Lisa? Will you let me try again?"

"Try what?" she asked.

"To make you love me. To marry me and come back to Laughing River. To live the hard, lonely life that you were bred for?"

He stared at her, tall and straight and strong in the lamplight. One of a long line of women who had lived close to reality and feared nothing. A girl who didn't need drink and dancing and racing cars when she could have the responsibility of an isolated household on her shoulders.

"Lisa, darling—can you ever learn to love me again?" he asked.

"I don't need to," she said gently. "I never forgot."

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# BOVRIL

is the Power of Beef



## SEASON for SALADS

● Salad meals have everything — color, artistry, unimpaired food values, delicately blended flavors. Breakfast salad fruits give encouragement to the early morning dawdler; luncheon salads are the order of the day. An appetiser salad at dinner greatly adds to the pleasure and digestibility of the following main dishes.

**E**XPERIMENT with new combinations of vegetables and fruits, but remember the all-important rule—serve cold, crisp, on fresh dry platter, seasoning carefully and mixing the mayonnaise to a piquant, full-flavored result.

### TOMATO AND PRAWN LAYER SALAD

One cup picked prawns, 1 cup clear, well-flavored meat or fish stock, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water; 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped eschallot, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water; 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup celery, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, salad greens.

Add lemon juice to stock and stir in gelatine dissolved in hot water. Arrange prawns in individual wetted moulds and pour on jellied stock. When set pour on a layer of tomato puree to which has been added



DECORATIVE AND DELICIOUS is this unusual prawn salad. It is very simple to make, too, and the recipe is given on this page.

lemon juice, eschallot, Worcestershire sauce, gelatine dissolved in hot water, and seasoned to taste.

Chill this until set and pour in mayonnaise to which has been added celery and third lot of gelatine dissolved in hot water. When set, unmould and serve with salad greens.

### LAMB MAYONNAISE IN GRAPEFRUIT CUPS

Two cups diced cooked lamb, 1 dessertspoon chopped eschallot or white onion, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon freshly-chopped mint, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup diced new potato, 1 cup mayonnaise, paprika, lettuce, 4 grapefruit cases (halves).

Combine lamb, eschallot, celery, potato, mint, lemon juice, and mayonnaise. Place in neatly serrated grapefruit cases. Chill. Dust tops with paprika and serve with crisp lettuce curls or cress.

### GOOD MORNING SALAD

Three oranges, 1 cup diced apple or pineapple, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 dozen dessert prunes, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, crisp lettuce leaves, mint sprigs.

Squeeze orange juice and to it add honey, lemon juice, and gelatine dissolved in hot water. Arrange prunes in bottom of 4 small wetted moulds. Add to each 1 cup grated apple. Pour in fruit juice. Chill until just set. Turn out onto crisp lettuce leaves and serve as a breakfast salad.

### TOMATO STAR SALAD

Four firm, round tomatoes, 1 small cucumber, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon minced onion or eschallot, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup minced ham, 1 cup diced new potato, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, lettuce, paprika.

Remove skin from tomatoes by revolving for 1 minute on end of a skewer over a gas flame or plunge into boiling water. Cut tomatoes across into six, not quite cutting through bottom. Open out into a star shape. Place each on a crisp lettuce leaf. Peel cucumber and score with a fork and slice; place a slice between tomato wedges. Combine remaining ingredients and

pile into centre of tomato and sprinkle with paprika.

### SAVORY APRICOT SALAD

Fresh apricots, powdered ginger, chopped peanuts, mayonnaise, lettuce wedges, celery curls, grated carrot.

Chill the apricots, halve and remove stones. Dip in mayonnaise and toss in chopped peanuts and dust lightly with powdered ginger. Choose a firm, close-leaved lettuce and cut in wedges. Pile grated carrot in the centre of a salad dish. Arrange lettuce wedges radiating from the grated carrot. Arrange the nutty apricots and celery between the lettuce wedges. Serve cold and freshly made.

### VEGETABLE PLATTER (With Fresh Fruit Relish)

Lettuce, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup diced new potato, 1 cup lightly-cooked cauliflower sprigs, 1 small white onion, 1 dessertspoon freshly-chopped mint, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 grated apple, 1 cup grated pineapple, 1 teaspoon mixed horseradish, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tea spoon lemon rind, 1 tea spoon sugar, dash of cayenne.

Separate lettuce leaves by running water into heart. Shake dry in a clean tea-cloth. Prepare 4 large lettuce cups and arrange on salad platter, or 4 small cups on individual salad plates. Pile into 1 cup chilled peas, into another cauliflowerettes, in another diced potato, sprinkled with mint. Top each cup with onion rings (blanch first in boiling water). In fourth lettuce pile fresh fruit relish, made by combining grated fruits, horseradish, mustard, chopped onion, lemon juice, rind, sugar, cayenne, and mayonnaise. Serve very cold.

### BANANA MALLOW SALAD

Three bananas, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 cups marshmallows, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup nuts, mint sprigs.

Chop marshmallows and stand for 15 minutes in orange juice. Fold in cream and add sliced banana, honey, and nuts. Chill. Serve garnished with mint sprigs.

## Salads DRESSED IN PERFECT TASTE

As ingredients, Heinz use nothing but the choicest... the freshest of fresh eggs, real cream, pure olive oil, superbly blended and seasoned by Heinz famous chefs.



Mayonnaise  
by  
**HEINZ**

*For their teeth's sake*

**APPLE**  
*after every meal*

If, after every meal, each child eats a piece of raw apple, you give him an advantage that will last through life. Apple after every meal cleans the tooth enamel of that sticky film of food in which decay germs breed. Apple minerals and vitamins make the teeth strong. Vigorous apple munching stimulates jaws and gums. Give children apple frequently. The life-long advantages far outweigh the cost.





**BANANA FOAM** is a delicious summer sweet, yet very easy to make, and quite economical. Bananas are so nourishing, too, and the kiddies will adore this dish. Recipe given on this page.

## Cash prizes for best recipes

To enter this interesting weekly competition all you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Each week a prize of £1 is awarded to the best entry received and consolation prizes of 2/6 for every other recipe published.

### BANANA FOAM

Six bananas, 1 lemon, 2 gills milk, 1 egg, 2 dessertspoons crystal sugar, 1 dessertspoon fine castor or icing sugar.

Peel and cut 5 bananas into slices and put into a glass dish. Strain over them juice of a lemon and sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon sugar. Whisk stiffly yolk and white of egg (separately). Put yellow rind of lemon in a stewpan with remainder

of sugar and milk. Bring to boil, remove lemon rind, and pour hot milk over beaten yolk of egg. Return to saucepan and stir over very gentle heat, for 5 minutes. Allow to cool, then pour on bananas and leave till cold. Chop remaining banana as finely as possible, add to it the well-whipped egg-white and castor or icing sugar. Whip all briskly for 5 minutes, pile meringue on top of custard, and serve very cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Frank Coleman, Geomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

### BOSTON SANDWICH

One tin baked beans, 1 cup chopped celery, one tablespoon prepared horseradish, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons ketchup.

Mash beans and add balance of ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Spread between buttered slices of rye bread. A leaf of lettuce may be used for each sandwich. Serve with sweet pickles.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. M. Whitehead, Florence St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

### APRICOT CRISPIES

One pound dried apricots, 2 rounded tablespoons syrup, 1 lb. cornflakes, 1 white of egg.

Soak fruit in water overnight, then steam with water in a double saucepan or jar till soft. Rub through a sieve—do not have pulp too moist. Add warmed syrup and cornflakes, then fold in beaten egg-white. Mix lightly and place in rough heaps on a greased baking tray. Bake in a moderate oven till set—7 to 10 minutes. Cool. Store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. M. Caulfield, 9 Albion Tee, East Brunswick, Vic.

### COMPOTE OF RHUBARB WITH MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

One pound rhubarb, 1 lb. seeded raisins, 1 lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon ginger, 6 or 8 marshmallows, 1 teacup boiling water, 1 or 2 egg-whites.

Prepare rhubarb, cut into dice and mix it with raisins, sugar, and ginger. Put these into a jar or double boiler and steam till tender, but without adding water to fruit itself. Turn out to cool.

For sauce, cut marshmallows into pieces, put them in basin with boiling water and melt over a saucepan of hot water. Stir till smooth, add

● If you have a delicious recipe, enter it in our weekly best recipe competition and you may be one of the lucky prizewinners. The first prize this week goes to a Queensland reader for a delicious new sweet.

egg-whites, stiffly beaten, and when cold serve on top of rhubarb.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mary Hodgson, 56 Melford St., Hurstville Park, N.S.W.

### FRUIT-STUFFED PORK

Loaf of pork, 2 cupfuls dried apricots, 4 cupfuls breadcrumbs, 1 cupful butter, 1 lemon, 1 orange, 1 cupful walnuts, pepper and salt.

Soak apricots, then stew and chop up with grated rind and juice of orange and lemon. Stir in breadcrumbs, which should be fresh, then add walnuts, pepper and salt to flavor, and butter. Work all together and use as stuffing for pork, which should be boned.

Spread over thickly, roll up meat, and skewer well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. J. Combe, 125 Eglinton St., Kew EA, Vic.

### COCOA FLUFF SPONGE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup arrowroot, 2 dessertspoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Separate yolks from whites, beat stiffly the whites, add sugar, and beat till dissolved. Add yolks, then golden syrup, and lastly fold in all dry ingredients after they have been sifted together three times. Bake about 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) in two well-greased sandwich tins. When cold, fill with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Leech, 20 Molesworth St., North Melbourne N1, Vic.

### FILLETS OF FISH WITH PRAWN FILLING

Lay fillets out flat. Season with salt, cayenne, squeeze lemon juice. Roll each fillet around a piece of raw potato, secure with toothpick. Roll in buttered paper.

Put 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 gill fish stock (bones and heads boiled) into a saucepan. Place fish rolls in carefully. Cook slowly 10 minutes. Lift out and drain well. Remove potato and paper.

Make a white sauce with 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk, add 1 tablespoon cream, 1 pint chopped prawns, yolk 1 egg. When fish is cold fill with this mixture. Dip in flour, egg-glazing, toss in crumbs. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve on hot dish garnished with lemon slices and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O'Hair, Gloster Flats, Brae St., Waverley, N.S.W.

## DOWN AT MRS. PERKINS' GUEST HOUSE







ELEGANT AND FLATTERING coiffure for grey hair. The hair is cut quite short and brushed softly back from the face in loose waves. The back is slightly swathed.

## Beauty for the NOT-SO-YOUTHFUL

● Remember thirty-five is the half-way house, and if you don't want to look your age you will have to decide to pamper your face and alter your make-up.

IF you study your face carefully every morning in the mirror you will easily recognise when "half-way house" has arrived. You will perceive tiny lines at the bottom of your cheeks, round the mouth and eyes.

Then you must change the color of your powder and not put it on so thickly.

You must also allow about ten minutes each night for special face care.

Here are the chief points to remember. They are simple, but they make all the difference to your appearance.

At night a nourishing cream should be rubbed all over the face, the surplus lightly wiped off with a tissue, then the skin left for the night.

In the morning take a big wad of cotton-wool, soak it in rosewater and well clean the face with it. Dry with a tissue or fine linen towel.

Now cover the face evenly with a skin milk. Lightly pat it into the skin with your finger-tips and with the flat of them pat your face upwards and outwards from your chin. Your face should now be dry but supple.

If you use a cream rouge it is as well to press the tissue gently on your cheeks—without rubbing—so that any excess of grease is absorbed, otherwise your rouge may look thick when you apply it.

By...

JANETTE

When you have put your rouge on take a big swansdown puff with masses of powder on it, and put big blobs of powder all over the face. Do not rub your powder on at all, or move your puff about on your face.

It is really just like using a spray. The whole face is covered with powder, but it hasn't been rubbed in at all.

Don't touch it for a few minutes, and then get a soft brush and sweep your face carefully with it. The skin should now show through the powder.

A damp piece of cotton-wool should be used to remove the powder round your eyes.

With the cotton-wool remove the powder from the roots of your hair round your face. Lots of women forget to do this, and never really look well groomed.

AN MGM PHOTO of lovely Irene Rich, who is the personification of charm and poise. She is Hollywood's classic example of a woman who has grown old gracefully.

An ageing woman nearly always tries to hide the signs of age on her face under the heaviest possible make-up. This is the biggest mistake she can make. Remember two things: first, thick application of make-up makes you look older; and, second, the finer the powder you use the better. Choose a powder as near the tone of your skin as possible. You will find that the tone as well as the texture of your skin has changed during the last year or two.

**NURSE says...** I ALWAYS ADVISE MY OWN BEAUTY CARE — REXONA. ITS MILD MEDICATIONS KEEP THE SKIN HEALTHY, AND SO — NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL

REXONA is completely different from ordinary soaps—its mild lather is medicated with Cadyl! This special compound of medications penetrates deeply — removes every particle of clogging dust and impurities from the pores, protects against unlovely skin faults. Make Rexona your regular beauty care!



Obstinate, long-standing skin troubles yield quickly to the wonderful curative treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together.

**TREATMENT:** Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This rapid-healing treatment leaves the skin clear and radiant.

**REXONA**  
is more than a beauty soap,  
it's a  
*Complete Skin Treatment*

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

### Appetites in babies

HUNGER and appetite are two well-known factors which urge us to eat. Hunger calls to the mind that the body needs food, while appetite, which is more a psychological factor and is the pleasurable anticipation of food and is brought about by the sight, smell, or thought of food, controls the amount that is eaten and helps to digest food.

New food experiences crowd in on a baby as his age advances, and it is important to present these new foods to him as naturally and pleasantly as possible.

It must be seen that his appetite does not become fixed for any one kind of food, but that he develops a liking for all sorts of foods, especially those which are known as the "protective" foods and which are necessary for a well-balanced diet.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



GOODNESS GRACIOUS, IT'S  
A NEW KIND OF HOLD-UP!

**Evalastic**  
RECE  
PERMANENT  
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GUARANTEED TO LAST  
THE LIFE OF THE  
GARMENT

*in lingerie* **created by LUCAS**





COLORFUL mass of lovely blooms including snapdragons, single gerberas, and roses—all of them effective and easy to grow.

## "Medico" Tells You What to do

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, my 16-year-old daughter is pounds overweight, and as a result she is left out of many things. I am sure she would be better off if she could lose some of her excess weight, but the question is: how?

DOCTOR: It is quite likely she

### ABOUT Reducing Safely

would be better off in health, as well as in many other ways, if she did reduce her weight a little. All the same it does not hurt the younger generation to carry a little excess weight. Up till the age of 30, it is

much healthier to be over rather than under weight. That weight in itself is a safeguard against some diseases—tuberculosis for example. After 30, it is much wiser from a health point of view to be slightly under weight.

Before your daughter embarks on this weight-reducing campaign, let her consult her physician. He will be able to advise whether the excess weight she is carrying is the outcome of some glandular deficiency or if it is what most excess weight is—the result of over-indulgence and wrong dietary habits, together with too little exercise.

Excess weight can be reduced safely and certainly by proper attention to diet, but it will necessarily be a slow process, because weight-reducing is largely a matter of causing the body to burn up its own fat without burning up other tissues also. Butter, sugar and white flour products, like biscuits, cakes, white bread and boiled puddings, are fattening foods.

The trouble with most reducing diets is that they are often deficient in the very elements that are necessary for good health. Also, purgatives and other drugs are dangerous as reducing agents.

To carry out her weight-reducing successfully, your daughter must have a strong will-power. Probably she is very fond of creamy cakes and chocolates and pastries, and these are the very things that help to pile up those excess pounds.

### Avoid sweets

**A** SUGGESTION that may help is this: Whenever she feels the desire to indulge in chocolates or cakes let her eat an apple.

A diet designed to reduce weight should contain all the protective foods but should be low in carbohydrates (starchy foods and sugars). The protective or foundation foods include milk, meat, cheese, eggs, fresh fruit and salads and wholemeal bread. Wholemeal bread should always take the place of white. Steamed puddings should be avoided and fresh fruit served as dessert.

Fresh fruits (with the exception of bananas), milk, salad vegetables, fish and lean meat should form a large proportion of the diet. Some people fancy that meat is fattening. Actually this only applies to the fat on meat. Lean meat is rich in protein and a definite quantity of protein is absolutely essential for tissue maintenance and repair.

Milk is not fattening. It contains 86 per cent. of water. One pint a day supplies valuable protein and lime. Milk is a much better protective food than butter.

Exercise also plays a helpful part in the reducing programme. A lazy life rapidly adds to the extra ounces. Suggest to your daughter that instead of taking the tram in the mornings she rises a little earlier and walks to work or to school. Also that she takes up some sport that will give her lots of exercise in the open air.

## It was SHEER BRIBERY!



FRANK. Now come on, Dot. Eat it up. Look, lovely green peas.

MADGE. Darling, if you finish everything up, I'll take you down to the beach this afternoon.



FRANK. There is no use bribing her! She won't eat—and look at her! As this is a rake.

MADGE. We'll take her to the doctor this afternoon, that's where we'll go.



DOCTOR. Mrs. Hall, Dot's a very sensitive and nervous type of child, and her troubles are really due to her sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. It stands to reason that if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down, pale, thin—that's Night-Starvation. So give Dot Horlicks every night.



FRANK. What's this? Another helping? This isn't the same little girl I used to know!

MADGE. Tell Daddy how much you weigh now darling!

**HORLICKS**



GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

## A new flower...

## THE DOUBLE GERBERA

● The Barberton daisy or gerbera has been in cultivation for many years as a lovely single flower of varying pastel shades, but in the last couple of years hybridists have taken it in hand and many splendid doubles are now available.

— Says **OUR HOME GARDENER**

**L**IKE the single varieties they are easy to grow if given a sunny situation, moisture, retentive soil, and good drainage. All gerberas like deep soil conditions, for their roots are very long and thick.

A sunny position is most necessary. Soil quality is important. The inclusion of peat moss, old turf, cow manure, or similar fibrous material is imperative if the soil should be sandy, hot and fiery.

At the same time, heavy, clayey soils should be made more friable by the inclusion of some sand, for the plants object very strongly to wet feet.

Drainage is also of vital importance, and for this reason the beds should be raised nine to twelve inches above the common level. When setting out the plants do not cover the crowns with soil, as this is a condition the plants resent very much.

Good, rooted vegetable compost, leaf-mould, some wood ashes, and bone dust may also be added to the soil.

The plants increase in size very rapidly once established, and for that reason should be planted at least 2ft. apart. Cultivation should be constant, all weed growth kept down to prevent competition for plant food and moisture, but this should be done carefully in order

to avoid damaging the masses of roots, which often extend a fair distance all round the plants.

Vigor can be enhanced by the regular application of liquid manure.

Watering is also important, for, although they are of deep-rooting habit, they object very strongly to dry conditions. In hot weather the plants will need ample supplies of moisture.

The production of too much foliage, short stems, and poor flowers is usually attributable to over-feeding, and in such cases the foliage should be reduced and feeding suspended for a while.

Plants can be raised either from seed or rooted cuttings. Seed needs to be very fresh as its viability is poor. Good light soil, containing ample fibrous matter, is required in seed-boxes, and should be dampened well before sowing.

Scatter the seeds on top of well-firmed soil and then cover with a wet bag until they have germinated. A sheet of glass over the top of the box will encourage quick germination.

Once the tiny seedlings have sprouted, they should be sprinkled lightly with a mixture of sand and crushed charcoal, as at this stage they damp-off badly. The bag should be removed and a sheet of newspaper placed over the glass. Watering should then be performed with an atomiser, and must be regular but not overdone.



## SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

that every mother knows.

IN 90% of cases, a child's tears and unhappy moments are a sure sign that he needs quick and effective medicinal aid.

By far the most common cause of ill health in children is Faulty Elimination (incomplete bowel action). And by far the most effective remedy is genuine Laxettes. Quickly but surely, Laxettes cleanse and tone up the system, and restore the bowels to normal health and regularity. And because Laxettes taste only of delicious chocolate, and relieve without griping or purging, kiddies take them without the slightest fuss or protest, and actually come back asking for more.



Genuine Laxettes are sold and recommended by all chemists and stores. Get a supply today. For wisest buying, ask for the 1/7d. Standard size. It contains 18 tablets and lasts longer.

## LAXETTES

CORRECT FAULTY ELIMINATION

STANDARD SIZE (18 Tablets) 1/7d. TRIAL SIZE 6 1/2d.



L41-6



# Spacious station home . . .

THE photographs on this page show the lovely station residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Scobie McKinnon, Beaufort, Victoria. The house is sheltered in a parkland of huge trees, with shrubs and brilliant flowers and a long pergola covered with wistaria.



THE MUSIC-ROOM features a wall-to-wall cedar carpet to contrast with the walls and woodwork, which are done in a soft, pinky cream. Curtains and upholstery are in ice-blue and dusty-pink.

By  
OUR HOME  
DECORATOR



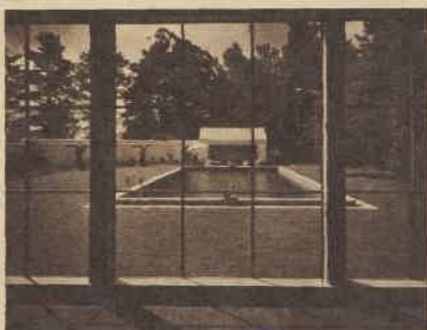
EXTERIOR of the attractive old homestead which Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon have remodelled on modern lines. The house is off-white stucco and the wide, sunny verandahs and large french doors are its most striking features.



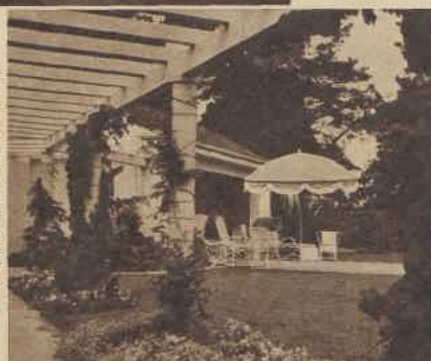
MRS. McKinnon's BEDROOM has a built-in cupboard and dressing-table. The curtains and bedspread are of ash-of-roses silk, providing a perfect foil for the soft green carpet. The modern double bed and night table are of American waxed walnut.



THE LOUNGE is a charming and restful room with comfort the keynote. The floor is covered with green wall-to-wall carpet, and the curtains are of burnt-orange chenille. Bookcases are built-in, and there is an abundance of gold, burnt-orange, and light green cushions.



SET in the midst of velvet-smooth lawns is a huge swimming pool, 70 feet long by 30 feet wide and lined with pale green tiles. At the deeper end of the pool are the summer-house and dressing rooms.



DURING the hot summer months cane chairs and lounges, brightly upholstered, and huge sunshades are placed out on the cool, green lawns, in the pleasant shade of the surrounding pine and cypress trees.

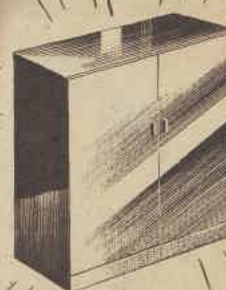


THE FLOOR of the large kitchen is covered with deep pink marbleised rubber, and the tie-back, ruffled curtains are deep cream to match the fittings. Soft green blinds and canisters add a note of color.

## DRAB OLD CUPBOARDS



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become*



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NEW  
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## LOSE 30 LBS. FAT

THE EASY WAY I DID

AND LOOK  
10 YEARS YOUNGER

"I was 30 but looked 40—I was so fat. I starved myself but the fat stayed. It seemed hopeless until a friend told me about BonKora; then after one bottle I found I had lost 8 pounds. It took only 6 weeks to lose 30 pounds, and now friends are amazed how youthful I look and remark on my lovely figure."

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IT'S SO SIMPLE

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EAT AS MUCH AS YOU  
LIKE, YET REDUCE

BonKora users need never have that empty feeling—eat delicious food while you lose ugly fat. Information on tasty food combinations included in package . . . start this treatment to-day and gain new vigour and improved health right away. BonKora is 6/6 a bottle at all chemists.

Note.—No increase in price because of Sales Tax.

Send 2d. in stamps for FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora treatment.

If your chemist is out of supplies, send 6/6 in postal note to The BonKora Co. of Aust. Pty. Ltd., Box 370558, G.P.O., Sydney.

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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS  
NO THYROID OR HARMFUL DRUGS

Reduce  
HIPS, WAIST,  
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# WET or DRY



VELVA-CORD




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One! All Jantzen's fabrics are knitted at high tension to give that famous extra-springy stretch. Two! Every Jantzen owes its smartness to richness of fabric and beautiful simplicity of line. Not for Jantzen those "clever tricks and touches" that make up for hurried finish or flimsy fabric. That's why, wet or dry, you look grand . . . feel grand . . . in your Jantzen.

 **JANTZEN'S PRINTED SATIN-KNIT** — a gay floral fabric with "Lortex" yarn. Two-way stretch gives wrinkle-free fit. Seen here in the new Victory colors. (Ask for Style 343). Price 35/-.


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 **VELVA-CORD** — newest of all Jantzen's fabrics in Jantzen's smash-hit "Petty" Suit. Velva-Cord is similar in texture to gardenia soft Velva-Sheen BUT introduces a slenderising corded effect — enhanced in this suit by slenderising Princess lines. (Ask for Style 365). Price 35/-.

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